

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S 15c

From Latin America:
The Revolution begins

An ex-convict tells of
the fear of freedom

The crime of keeping
worn-out bodies alive

Dog, Boy and School Bus, by Aler Colville of Sackville, N.B., number two in a series of special Canadian cover paintings February 11, 1961





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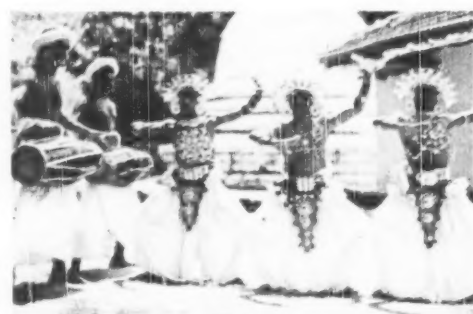


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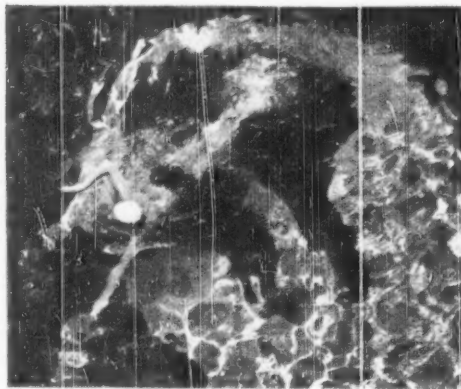


Kandy dancers at Ceylon's Temple of the Tooth, a three-hour drive from the port of Colombo.

to see your travel agent early about reservations for these trips. They fill up quickly.

See two-thirds of the world on your way to Europe!

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Three pools on *Oriana* brim with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

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Hard times ahead (maybe) for frozen-frog exporters

At U.S. Customs, it's out with old confusion, in with new

Is a wooden, musical toilet-paper dispenser a "music box" or just a wood product? Should a frozen frog be classified under "reindeer meat, venison and other game (except birds)"—or is it just frozen meat? When a rubber half-mask is intended for an adult to wear to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, is it a "rubber product"—or just a toy?

Answers to riddles like these can be pretty important to a Canadian exporter with his eye on the U.S. market. They can mean the difference between a high tariff and a low one and, hence, between sale and a shutout. For 30 years, ever since the present U.S. Customs regulations were laid down, exporters and Canadian trade authorities have tried hard to keep abreast of new rulings.

The most hotly disputed cases have gone before U.S. courts and the decisions have been published each year. Now there are 65 volumes of these findings (many of them apparent exceptions to the broad, original rules) on two long shelves in the Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa.

But some time this year or next, many of these court decisions may become obsolete, and even the best-informed men in Trade and Commerce may have to start learning the rules all over again. The U.S. Customs Service has rewritten its whole tariff—all 3,600 pages of it—and is asking Congress to approve it.

The purpose of the rewrite was to simplify the rules, modernize the language, and eliminate anomalies. But the streamlining will inevitably mean changes in who-knows-how-many old rulings.

Nobody in Canada had really grown to like the old regulations, but people had grown used to them. Sometimes even absurd rulings proved, at least, that there were legitimate, profitable loopholes for exporters who looked hard enough to find them. A man who was shipping mineral water across the U.S. border from eastern Ontario had to pay duty until he got smart enough to freeze it first. Ice is duty-free. Another exporter went to court and got a ruling that corn-on-the-cob isn't really "corn or maize" but one of the "vegetables in their natural state" that get by under a considerably lower tariff.

Some exporters, of course, have had to put up with rulings they felt were demonstrably unjust. A U.S. Customs officer once decreed that Eskimo carvings were "manufactured soapstone" and thus subject to duty. He has since been overruled, and now the carvings enter as duty-free works of art. But while Trade and Commerce officials concede that the U.S. regulations have become appallingly complicated, they insist that most of the Customs men's rulings have been fair. And any time an exporter thinks otherwise he can go to a U.S. court, where exporters win four cases out of five.

Some exporters are now looking hopefully for lower tariffs from the new regulations, but many more are afraid they'll have to manoeuvre through a new set of rules, arguments and court decisions before they know just where they stand. Until now, anybody who cared knew that a frozen frog was "frozen meat," and a Mardi Gras mask was a

"rubber product" because "toys are for children." And, oh, yes: a musical toilet-paper dispenser isn't a "music box" but a "manufacture of wood." But—who knows?—next year, it may even be a musical instrument.—KLAUS NEUMANN

Experts to boss experts

International conferences of experts—on everything from archaeology to zoology—are becoming almost as common as service-club conventions. In 1961, there will be more than 3,000 of them, and David Smith, who lives in Barrie, Ont., but spends most of his time in more exotic places as a "conference consultant," will be busier than ever.

Smith got into the conference business a couple of years ago when, as a UNESCO expert on adult education (he was Saskatchewan's director of adult education for eight years) he attended a UNESCO conference in Bangkok. He found delegates still arguing over points that had already been voted into the minutes, and other delegates delivering speeches three times—often to the same audience.

Since then Smith has developed a whole set of techniques to cut out time-wasting confusion in conferences and let the delegates get right to work discussing. He organizes the agenda, looks in on the sessions to make sure things are moving, and then, after everyone else has packed up and gone home, he rates the delegates on their performances.

Sometimes, though, the people who hire him are a little uneasy about his services as a conference consultant. "It's like time study," Smith says. "Some people are afraid I'm going to decide that their job is unimportant. It creates tension and suspicion."—FERGUS CRONIN

Our growing Arctic: Hudson Bay is running dry

Ten thousand years from now—a mere weekend in geologic time—Canada's Arctic land area may be twice its present size. Geologists are discovering that most of the Arctic islands and the Hudson Bay region are rising steadily by five feet a century along shallower sections of their shorelines. If the present rate of land uplift continues, and some geologists think it can go on another 1,000 feet, relatively shallow Hudson Bay and Foxe Basin will be spilled dry by the year 12000.

How and why it's happening is elementary geology. During the last Ice Age, the Arctic (and all of Canada) was covered by a mile-thick sheet of ice that had its centre near Hudson Bay. The earth's crust sagged hundreds of feet under the load. Then, about 10,000 years ago, the ice began to melt; the land slowly began to spring back to its preglacial level. Some geologists believe the ice didn't begin to retreat from Hudson Bay and the southernmost Arctic islands until as recently as 3000 BC.

Some regions that were under the sea when the ice first began to recede have risen until today they are 500 to 600 feet above sea level. At Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island, small lighters run aground where deep-water vessels docked a century ago. At Pond Inlet, Eskimos say a whaler, now standing high

and dry on the beach, was wrecked when the same spot was more than 200 feet from shore. Throughout the Arctic, geologists are finding old beach terraces that mark the position of ancient sea coasts.

How fast is the land rising? There's a wide variation from region to region—from two feet a century to as much as ten.

The most startling evidence of post-



glacial rebound has been found near the RCAF base of Resolute on Cornwallis Island. A beach half a mile inland and 50 feet higher than the present shoreline still bears stone tent rings, whale skeletons and other evidence of an Eskimo culture no more than 500 years old. This beach was seashore less than 500 years ago and this section of Cornwallis Island has been rising ten feet a century and adding new beach at a rate of five feet a year.—FRED BODSWORTH

DOCTORS' OFFICES IN HOSPITALS have become so popular in the U.S. that some new hospitals are being designed to accommodate them, and according to one hospital expert in Chicago the new trend is a good thing. It saves the doctor the long auto trips from his office to the ward, reassures patients who know their doctor is only a couple of floors away, and uses expensive hospital equipment, like X-ray cameras, that otherwise would stand idle much of the day.

WATCH FOR John and Jackie Kennedy—in store windows. A U.S. mannequin manufacturer has started a line of store dummies modeled on the new president and his wife—and their famous hairdos.

MEN'S BARBERS, alarmed at the growing number of their customers sneaking off to women's beauty parlors for such things as hair waving and dye jobs, are planning to recapture a few by offering the same services. They'll use permanent dyes on grey hair (applied in curtained cubicles to preserve male vanity) and air-blowing machines to create hair waves. Approximate prices: \$2 for a dye job, and \$2 for a shampoo and hair wave.

DENTISTS AND DIETICIANS who warn patients about caries and calories are in for a loud argument from the Candy, Chocolate and Confectionery Institute. The U.S. sweet-makers will be laying out \$250,000 a year for a three-year publicity campaign to tell the public "the positive story of candy."

STEAL-A-MEAL THIEVES are plaguing grocers. Most of them are teenagers who lift packaged candy, fruit, or cookies from chain-store shelves and finish eating them before they walk out. If they're stopped they simply explain that they intend to buy the package anyway. In Ottawa, they've become so bold that some supermarkets have started barring teenagers who can't prove they came in to buy something.

How we'll soon start finding out who used to be who

The Dictionary of Canadian Biography is coming along very nicely. Its staff has been hard at work since early in 1959, when Mrs. James Nicholson, widow of the millionaire who left the University of Toronto a grant to cover the DCB, decided she would not hold the grant in trust until her death, as she would have been allowed to do under the will, and gave the planners the go-ahead. They expect to have Vol. I, which will deal with the years before 1700, in print by 1962.

The first months of work—generally on all volumes and specifically on Vol. I—have convinced the compilers, under the direction of general editor George Brown, a U of T history professor, that theirs is no easy task. They have already filed 10,000 names on neat cards. More are being suggested every day. Brown is not even sure how many volumes will eventually be published or how many names will be included.

The dictionary will list athletes, poets, scientists, explorers, Indians and even criminals—"some of whom," as Brown says, "were very notable people in the history of the country."

The star of Vol. I will be Samuel de Champlain, who is currently scheduled for a full 8,000-word essay. No one else in the volume will rate as much space but, unlike British and U.S. biographical dictionaries, the DCB will try not to throw out the minor characters—though some of them will be given as few as 200 words. Every name that comes up will remain in the filing system, whether or not it makes the book.

Some of the names being discussed for Vol. I are: *Savignon*, the young Huron Indian who became Canada's first exchange student when Champlain took him to France, and *Etienne Brulé*, Savignon's opposite number, who went to learn the language of the Hurons; *Jacques Boisdon*, who ran the first tavern in Quebec and kept it closed on Sunday mornings so as not to distract customers on their way to church; *Snorri Thorfinnson*, a distant ancestor of Queen Elizabeth, who may have been the first European child born in North America (his father sailed the Labrador coast in the 11th century); and *David Ingram*, a Scottish sailor who is said to have walked from Mexico to Nova Scotia.

Brown has had to rely, to some extent, on interested amateurs—like the Newfoundland clergyman whose hobby is early pirates of the Atlantic—and to most of these amateurs he is very grateful. The only ones who have been rejected outright are the several dozen who have sent in their own biographies. "To get into this study," says Brown, "you have to be dead."

—DAVID LEWIS STEIN

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: SINCE WHEN HAS CANADA BEEN A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

IN THE ARGUMENT ABOUT TEACHING religion in the schools, we find both sides about equally exasperating.

The pro-religion group starts from the major premise that Canada is "a Christian country." We can see no foundation at all for this statement. In one sense it implies an unseemly arrogance; in another, something close to blasphemy.

The near-blasphemy lies in the assumption that Canadians are following the teachings of Jesus. This surely is the pride of the Pharisee. How many Canadian Christians accept a single verse of the Sermon on the Mount as a guide to practical conduct? How many make any pretense of loving their enemies, or turning the other cheek, or going a second mile? It's only because familiar phrases lose all meaning that they can listen to the commandment of Jesus without either blushing for shame, or perceiving that they don't really believe it at all. If they did they would try to act on it, and they might not then be so quick to impose their own notions of truth upon unwilling neighbors.

But it's the other sense, the arrogant sense of "a Christian country," that is more relevant to the present controversy. The unspoken corollary is that, since the majority of Canadians profess some kind of Christian faith, the minority can and should be compelled to accept it too. This is wholly and dangerously false. Canada is not, thank God, a "Christian country" in any such totalitarian fashion. It is instead a free country,

where Christian and Jew, Moslem and Buddhist, agnostic and atheist all enjoy the same freedom to believe what they believe, and render account of it to no man.

There's a long gap, though, between real religious persecution and the reading of Bible stories in school, and here is where we part company with some of the anti-religion faction. To hear them talk, you'd think their children were about to be dragged off to Smithfield by the agents of Bloody Mary.

We can't really see what terrible harm it does a child to have some acquaintance with the Bible. We are puzzled especially when this is treated as an outrage by the same parents who object to any censorship whatever, even of school libraries or of paperback books that children can afford to buy. Why is it worse to hear about Jonah and the whale than about Lady Chatterley and her gamekeeper?

As for the complaint that children are embarrassed to be singled out as unbelievers, or to get a low mark in religious knowledge if they haven't been to Sunday school, this seems to us inconsistent. If you want your child to be a non-conformist, you can't also hope he'll get all the rewards of conformity. Either attitude has its price.

By all means let us be vigilant to defend our freedom of religion, and to frustrate the ever-present bigot. But it is possible to be vigilant without being a hypochondriac.

MAILBAG: Remedies for "so-called justice" / We can't have Castro and U.S. tourists

I have just read Donald C. Rowat's article, "We need a new defense against so-called justice" (For the Sake of Argument, Jan. 7). Dr. Rowat's outline of the Scandinavian Ombudsman is forthright, informative and clear. At this date I am mailing to the Royal Commission on Government Organization, Ottawa, a submission on the subject of the Danish Ombudsman. As a retired civil servant I have long realized the need for such an officer or officers in every department of government in Canada.—PAUL FLOYD, EDMONTON.

A volunteer citizens' defender initiated the investigation of our civic administration. Despite the Porter enquiry which followed, I still see no easy way for an ordinary citizen to gain redress when his rights are crushed or, more often, ignored. I lay the responsibility for the present situation at the door of the newspapers in Canada, who zealously proclaim their "freedom," but often turn a deaf ear to their responsibility for the freedom of others. Our single daily contemptuously told me that "we can't crusade for anything," and that "we have plenty of things to write editorials about."—A. WELSH, EDMONTON.

Will U.S. tourists boycott us?

At our lunches and coffee breaks at the office a good number of us have discussed about Canada doing too much business with Cuba since they are so against the United States with their leader Fidel Castro. It would seem that Canada should make a point to do only the necessary business and go along with the U.S. Some of us have said: Should we or should we not take vacations in Canada this coming summer if they go along with Cuba? I for one am considering changing my plans on a trip to

Canada unless things indicate Canada is going along with us. —H. VAN ZEE, INTERGREEN PARK, ILL.

Note for porridge lovers

I read with interest What winter does to Canada (Jan. 7). One item struck me very forcibly, namely, "Hot porridge won't keep you warm for more than ten minutes." My ancestors who lived till



the nineties used oatmeal porridge every morning. I suggest that Hal Tennant, who wrote the article, might suggest something as a substitute.—H. J. STANLEY LUNAN, SORREL, QUE.

Tennant says: "I wasn't knocking porridge. The point made in the article was that the heat in hot porridge doesn't last long enough to do much physical good. But as a food, porridge converts into heat for the body."

No sweatshops in Winnipeg

Your issue of July 30, 1960, includes (Background) an item reporting the re-

appearance of an economic sore—the "sweatshop." The first paragraph of this article states that "... in ... Winnipeg ... female workers in certain sections of the garment industry are being paid as little as 40¢ an hour by bosses who often simply ignore minimum wage laws."

I have checked, with your co-operation, with the source of your information and have been assured that his statements to your reporter applied only to Toronto and to some sections of Ontario. I trust that you will publish this disclaimer of any charge that sub-legal rates are being paid in Winnipeg. I can assure you that our department is not interested in claiming superiority over Toronto or Montreal; but it is deeply concerned in case illegal practices should arise in Manitoba with which we have failed to cope. At no time may any female worker in Winnipeg be paid less than 66¢ per hour (if over 18 years of age) after a positively limited and strictly supervised training period.—W. ELLIOTT WILSON, DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOR, PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, WINNIPEG.

Canada—a blurred image?

A letter from William A. Cornell, Milton, Wisconsin (Mailbag, Jan. 7), objects to the use of the term American as applied to the United States. Having recently returned from visiting countries in the Far East and Down Under, I find much reason to support him. This use tends to blur the image of Canada and Mexico as separate countries from the United States in the minds of foreigners. Our United States friends are not nearly so much to blame in this as our own broadcasters and newspapers. It is time to begin the use of the correct terms.—FRANK B. FOX, TRURO, N.S.

I have for some years been advocating the name USania (Yousania) and USanian (Yousanian). I have been so addressing my letters for some years and they all appear to have been delivered to the proper address in USania.—DR. EDWARD H. WOOD, OTTAWA.

Tattoos for allergies

Your comment on the identification of drug allergies (Preview, Jan. 7) is very well taken. But a tag is easily lost or cast aside. When a person is found in



a coma or unconscious in an accident, they do not go through his wallet except for police purposes. My suggestion is a small tattooed letter on the posterior of the lobe, say of the right ear, would give all information to the police and doctor: penicillin, P; epilepsy, E; diabetic, D; butazolidin, B; haemophylia, H, etc.

Having nearly lost my life through P and B I am one of the unfortunate. But I think this would be a very universal and effective method.—LEE R. DODDS, EDMONTON.

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THE
CLEAN
LOOK
of action

ONT
JAL

NEWS

NEV

NEWS



all new and newsy

Whitewall tires and wheel covers are optional at extra cost.

LeSabre 4-Door Hardtop

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If you'd like headline notice, sit yourself in a '61 Buick. It's another General Motors value.

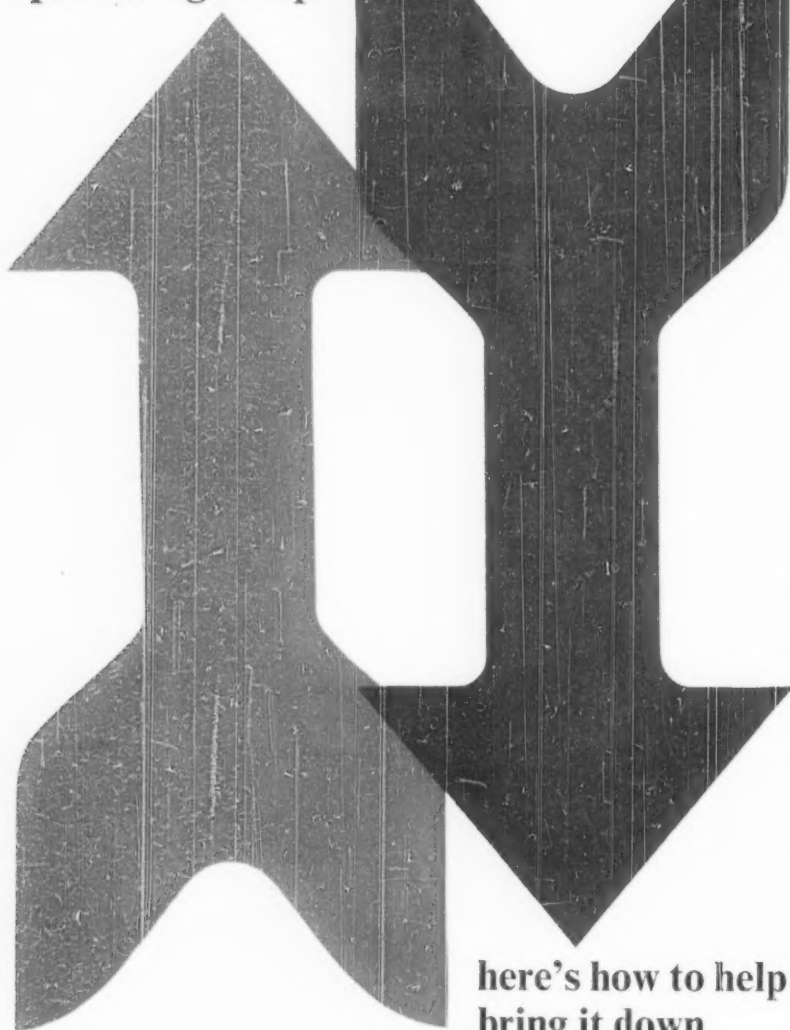
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AS FINE, AS NEW, AS YOU CAN GO



When your blood pressure goes up



here's how to help bring it down

ONLY a few years ago, doctors could do little more than say to their patients: "You must learn to live with high blood pressure."

That advice still holds good. But nowadays there are specific treatments by which this condition can often be controlled when not complicated by some underlying disorder.

Many new drugs are largely responsible for helping to reduce the risks of this condition. These drugs, which must be prescribed by physicians, can lower blood pressure and may reduce the possibility of damage to the heart and blood vessels.

Since high blood pressure affects to some extent an estimated 1/2-million people in our country, you should know these facts about it:

1. Hypertension or high blood pres-

sure is often discovered during a health examination—a good reason why everyone, especially those middle-aged or older, should have periodic medical check-ups. The earlier it is detected, the easier it is to control.

2. Hypertension occurs more than twice as often among overweight people as among others. A combination of overweight and high blood pressure is a serious health hazard. So check your weight regularly and keep it down.

3. Anyone can develop high blood pressure. It is more common, however, among people who are subject to a great deal of tension and anxiety. Heredity is an important factor, too.

Many people with high blood pressure live long, useful lives through moderation in living habits, weight control and faithful observance of their doctor's instructions.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

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Bruce Hutchison, editor of the Victoria Times, visited West Germany recently.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

BRUCE HUTCHISON SAYS

Only Atlantic free trade can start us growing again

ODDLY ENOUGH, it was in Germany that I began to understand for the first time the dilemma, and the hope, of my own country.

A few miles west of Cologne I climbed a lonely hill, pushed through a welter of new brush and stumbled upon the concrete ruins of the secret bunker from which Hitler directed the conquest of France. In this overgrown and forgotten spot the conqueror's life reached its brief triumph.

Next day I found myself at Bonn in the palatial office of Dr. Ludwig Erhard, the plump, ruddy professor who built the modern German economy on genius and, as I observed at first hand, on unlimited draughts of plain soda water and cigar smoke.

Here was a parable, if one could only decipher it. Within fifteen years the business system of a nation wrecked by Hitler had become the most dynamic in the free world. Whence this prodigy? What did it mean to Canada?

The exception: Europe's Six

The prodigy came from the sort of economic principles that Canadians must adopt if they wish to maintain a prosperous nation, or any nation at all. The meaning of events in Germany, as the mainspring of the booming European economic system, is that Canada must navigate on the broad waters of the North Atlantic community or suffer shipwreck on the shoals of North America.

With one exception, the economy of the Western nations has suddenly ceased to grow—as it must grow, and soon, if it is to have a Chinaman's chance in the struggle with a growing Communist system. The single exception is the European Common Market—the six nations dominated by Germany and France that are steadily reducing tariffs among themselves and erecting a common tariff against the rest of the world. They are growing fast, almost unbelievably, until their immediate problem is a shortage of labor while ours in America is a surplus.

West Germany, indeed, is exporting so much more than it imports that its accumulating stocks of foreign currencies congest and imperil the free world's whole exchange mechanism.

Britain, highly prosperous at the moment, is moving toward another balance-of-payments squeeze, one that probably will compel it to reduce both necessary exports of capital and imports from such countries as Canada.

The United States, once growing like Midas in gold, is losing it at an appalling rate and will have to cut down vital foreign aid, restrict imports or vastly increase exports, or do all three things together. Any or all of them would damage everybody

else, and Canada especially. Every day the headlines of debts, deficits and unemployment inform us that the native Canadian situation is becoming intolerable. Such is the disjointed anatomy of the so-called North Atlantic community, which owns most of the world's productive apparatus, conducts most of its trade and enjoys its highest living standards.

Apart from the Six of Europe, all the Western nations find themselves standing still, or going backward, while the Communist system grows stupendously because it is a community—brutal, aggressive, unified by force but, in great decisions, unified just the same.

In the common dangers thus arising the danger to Canada is unique. We built our whole economic system from the start to fit a world economy of many nations trading abundantly together, and now requiring more and more trade every year as their productivity and labor force increase.

Today, as the Atlantic region is split by the European trade blocs of the Sixes and Sevens, as the Communist world already forms another bloc, as another is forming in Latin America and yet others are projected elsewhere, we find that our Canadian system is not designed to fit into any one of them.

There is one obvious way out for us—obvious, perhaps economically logical but, I would think, lethal.

We could form a bilateral North American trade bloc, common market, free-trade area or whatever we cared to call it, with the United States. If it would take us in. Once we had abandoned our hedges outside America and thus committed our whole business system to our huge neighbor, our nationality would follow, soon or late. And in this sellout we might not even buy prosperity.

On the other hand, we cannot commit our economy to Europe and overseas markets by discriminating against our incomparably largest market, the United States, at the cost of losing it, or even a large part of it. Just as surely, we cannot have our economy within the Canadian market, which is far too small to absorb its production.

The way out for us will not be found in any of these choices, for all of them are blind alleys. We can escape only by a bold advance into a larger transatlantic market and a stronger community, economic and political. If we are wise, we will expand the successful tariff-reducing experiment of the European Common Market to include all the North Atlantic nations and any others that care to join.

This, I am convinced, is what we shall all have to do in the end anyway but we can avoid a deal of trouble in the meantime if we make a clear decision.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



"Grandm--Grand--mummy!"

Hesitantly, Karen felt for the word. Then suddenly, it was there: Karen's own name for her grandmother—who stood there, to welcome her with stars in her eyes: a real, live grandmother.

Mummy had talked about her own mummy, about the place that was home before she came to Canada. But this was different...

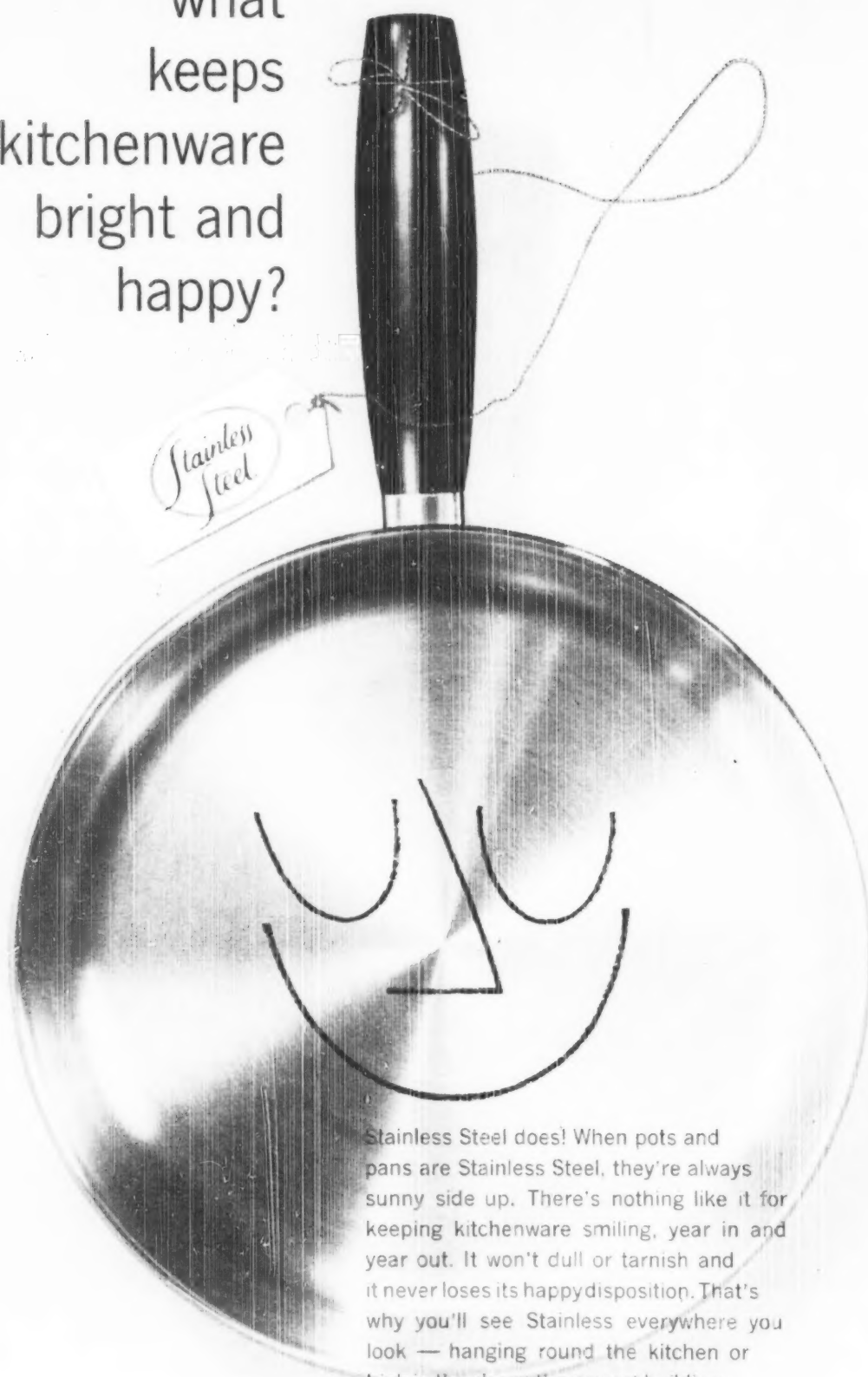
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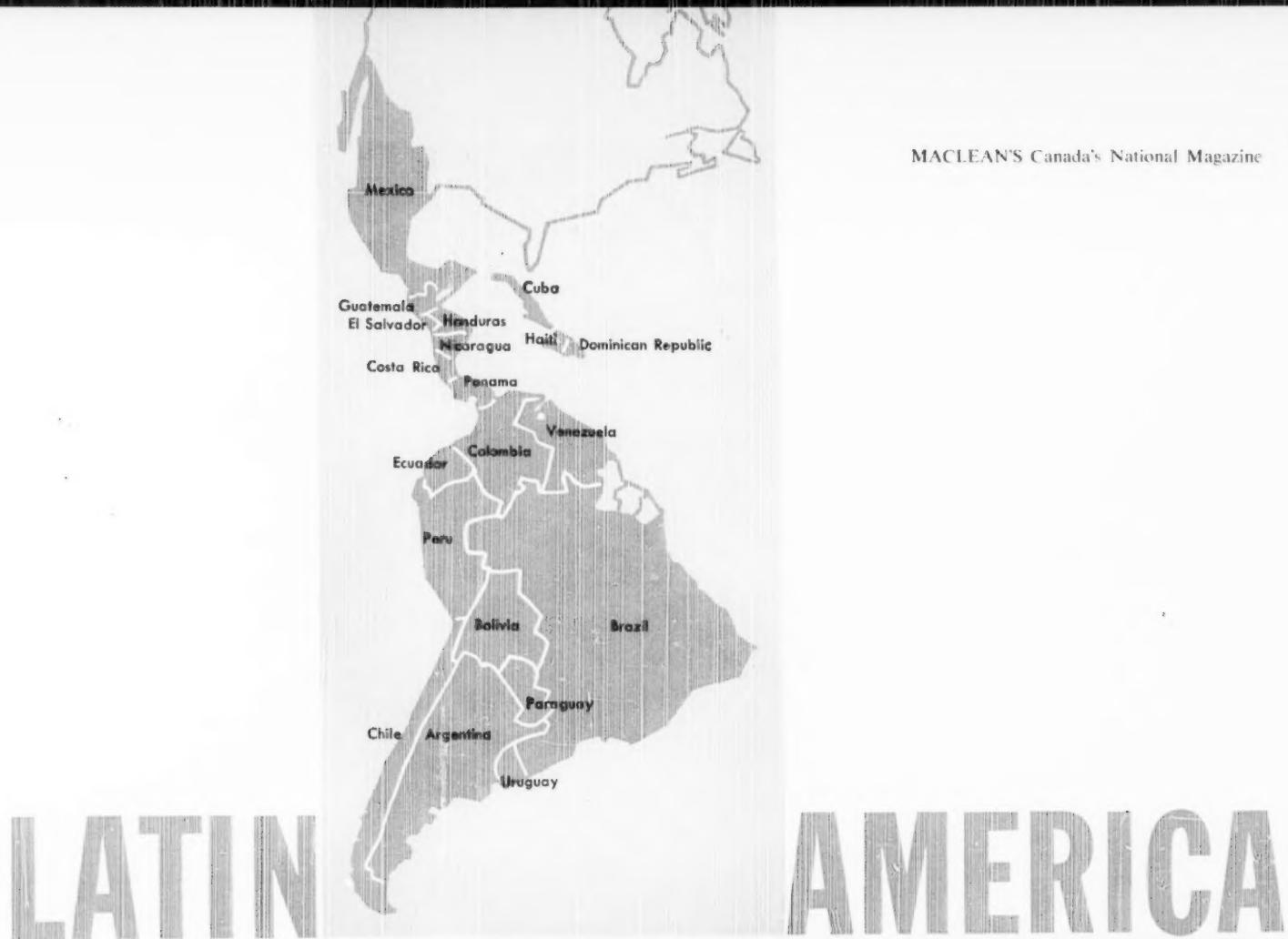
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LATIN AMERICA

THE REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN

Castro's right-hand man once said Cuba was the first chapter in the story of the Latin American revolution, with nineteen other chapters to follow. From the signs visible today, he may have been right. Maclean's Washington editor reports from the barricaded streets of Caracas **By Ian Sclanders**

ON THE WAY from Maiquetía airport to the Hotel Tamanaco in the Venezuelan capital, Caracas, I saw some of the world's ghastliest hovels and some of the world's most magnificent mansions. Then, before reaching the hotel, my taxi ran into a nightmarish traffic jam.

The jam was caused by tanks and infantry moving in to surround the university. Angry students, seeking to overthrow President Rómulo Betancourt's government, had turned it into an armed fortress. The hovels and the mansions — the appalling contrast of poverty and wealth — explained the insurrection. The students knew that the misery of the poor had become unbearable and were trying to help them rise up and dispossess the rich. And, in their brave but foolish effort, they drew their inspiration from Cuba and a big bearded man named Fidel Castro.

Many, including Betancourt himself, believe Castro sent agents to stir up the trouble. Many believe he aspires to be leader not just of an island with a population of six million but of all Latin America and its more than a hundred and ninety million people.

This may or may not be true. But whatever Castro's ambitions are, his Cuban revolution has set a fire that is spreading throughout Latin America. As every newspaper reader knows, in one country after another there have been riots, strikes, demonstrations and open fighting like the fighting in Caracas.

In Caracas, because the army remained loyal to Betancourt, the students lost, temporarily at least. But it's almost inevitable that they will gather strength for a fresh round. Next time, they may not lose.

Yet Venezuela is one of the South American republics where you would least expect violence. It is rich by the standards of its neighbors — oil production, two million eight hundred thousand barrels a day; iron ore exports to the United States, eighteen million tons a year; annual budget, financed mostly by the oil and the iron, one and a half billion dollars for a population of less than seven million. On top of that its president, Betancourt, is an enlightened reformer who, as fast as he can by constitutional procedures, is putting up schools, training teachers, constructing highways, and providing land for landless peasants who also get loans for building houses, buying livestock and planting crops. While I was in Venezuela the Betancourt government bought a vast estate for seven and a half million dollars and chopped it into small farms of ten to a hundred acres each to relieve the plight of downtrodden sharecroppers.

A modest, mild-mannered, bespectacled patriot, Betancourt has spent many of his fifty-two years fighting tyrants like the Venezuelan dictators, Gómez and Pérez Jiménez. Because of this, he was often driven into hiding in his own country or forced into exile in Mexico, Puerto Rico, Chile. He should, by rights, be a national hero.

Yet the hot-headed students cry out against him and smuggle guns into their university — youngsters even smuggle guns into high schools — and overturn and burn motor buses. Why?

The answer lies in the present temper of most of Latin America. The people are impatient, terribly impatient. They've looked too long at the contrast between hovels

Picture story on page 36. Text continued on page 38.

Riots also shake Belgium, a country much like Canada. Turn page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE LE GOURIN



BELGIUM: the violence is racial and religious

The street mobs that shook the nation in January were shouting about pay and taxes, but the real issue lies deeper. In a bilingual, bi-racial country, the two groups are heading for a showdown

BY LESLIE F. HANNON
Maclean's Overseas Editor

Hannon talks to Leo Collard, head of the Belgian Socialists and a key figure in the January strikes.



BRUSSELS — As Belgium's New Year got under way with stone-throwing and sabre charges in the streets, I fell into conversation with a portly Brussels at a sidewalk café in the heart of the city. The tail end of that day's march of five or six thousand warmly clad cheerful strikers and sympathizers was still straggling by heading for the Place Rogier, where a few more windows would be broken before the mounted police turned on their version of the old RCMP musical ride — the finale, that is.

"He is a great man for Belgium. Gaston Fyskens," the man told me, after enquiring if I was one of the horde of journalists and photographers covering *les manifestations* (at times it almost seemed it was the world press corps that was demonstrating). "Fyskens is not afraid of teddy boys who throw stones, and he thinks only of Belgium."

I asked, politely I hope, if my informant was a Catholic. "No, no." He was vehement. "My family left the church many years ago. I am a working-man on holiday from the postal service." He did not believe, then, that the demonstrators truly represented the people's feelings? Banging down his coffee cup, he said, "But yes. We are very angry because of the new taxes. The law must be changed. As it is, the poor must pay but the rich escape."

This conversation will serve as well as any of the dozens of views I sampled up and down this

small strike-torn country to illustrate the confusions and curiosities of postwar Belgium. Prime Minister Fyskens is leader of the ruling Catholic party, the Christian Socialists. In the mob slowly working its way up the Boulevard Adolphe Max, chanting for Fyskens' head, were perhaps three hundred postmen in their working capes and caps. Most, possibly all, of the demonstrating posties were Catholics, at least in the sense of turning to the Mother Church at birth, marriage and death.

The further one wades in, the deeper the water. The Catholic trade unions, strongest in the Flemish northern half of the country, refused to join the strikes, yet the great Flemish centre, Antwerp, was one of the worst-hit cities. The Belgian army, Catholic Fyskens' ace in the hole, is officered largely by Walloons from the French-speaking south, the hotbed of discontent.

And what was the current uproar all about anyway? Was it, as the opposition Belgian Socialist party maintained, a spontaneous national protest against the government's austerity plans, which would raise the comparatively low taxes and cut back some welfare provisions? Did the root of the trouble really lie in the inept bumble of the Congo, the loss to the treasury and the international loss of face? Was it an opportunist effort by the left wing to overthrow a government plagued by a legacy of problems, includ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41



The calm and reason of the white-helmeted policemen fringing the crowd (above, left) in Brussels impressed Hannon. The strike soon tied up almost all the nation's services; in Antwerp, the great Belgian port, garbage and other refuse piled up in the streets (upper right). But striking workers didn't allow the

general walkout to interfere with their New Year's Eve fun; at a working-class pub in Brussels, they took time out to celebrate. At the end of the holiday, they returned to the march through the streets; mounted police and reinforcements stand by (below) while strikers press along a busy thoroughfare in the capital.





FRANÇOIS PÉRIER

GOG et MAGOG

Comédie en 5 actes de
ROGER MAC DOUGALL et TED ALLAN
adaptée de ROY VICKERS
par GABRIEL AROUT

AVEC
JACQUELINE MAILLAN
et
RENÉ BLANCARD
TEDDY BILIS
et
DOMINIQUE MINOT
et
ROGER CAREL

The man who invented Ted Allan

is Ted Allan, a partly fabulous Canadian playwright who was once a Communist but is getting rich fast, from books, movies and plays. Now he's making the grade as an actor—starring in plays he wrote himself

BY KILDARE DOBBS

IT HAS BEEN Ted Allan's custom in recent months to hop a plane to Paris when London depresses him. There he has been able to revive his flagging spirits by watching the crowds line up to see *Gog et Magog*—the smash-hit comedy adapted from the Ted Allan-Roger MacDougall London success *Double Image* by Gabriel Arout and starring François Périer, France's leading actor-producer. Now that Allan has started a second career as actor he will have little time for trips to Paris. He is taking the lead part in his new play *The Secret of the World*, produced in London's West End by Oscar Loewenstein. Set in Montreal, executed with rare force and eloquence, it is a play about a trade unionist, a Communist who is becoming disillusioned with the party, and who grows tragically mad. Like everything Allan writes it arises directly out of his own intimate experience so that in a way he does not so much act as relive it.

It is less than seven years since Allan left Toronto to try his luck at the big time in London. "I was a playwright—I needed a stage," he says. "It was as simple as that." But it was not so simple. A former Communist who pursues capitalist success, an optimist haunted by fears that he may be a fake, a serious writer who is also a clown—nothing about this complicated man was ever simple.

He had sent two stage plays and five television plays to Margery Vosper, his London agent. The BBC bought all the television plays. Joan Littlewood bought *Legend of Paradiso* for her Theatre Workshop in Stratford East, a dingy district of London. The Arts Theatre bought *The Ghost Writers*. *The Scalpel*, the *Sword*, a biography of Dr. Norman Bethune of which Allan was co-author with Sydney Gordon, had just been published in London.

It was hardly surprising that during the voyage to England Allan should have had one of his mystical intuitions of luck. Never the most modest of Canadians, in these circumstances he was expansive to a degree remarkable even for him. He was sure of his mission, which was quite simply to revolutionize the English theatre. He was going to bring in a fresh wind from Canada.

His agent and his publisher knew he was coming. Naturally he expected the press would be out in strength; reporters and photographers would be falling over each other to cover his arrival.

He arrived at Victoria station on a Saturday. It was late summer. It was raining. Not a soul was there to meet him.

By Monday morning he had bounced back a little. He phoned Robert Hale, his publisher: "I have come to take George Bernard Shaw's place." "Oh really?" said the English voice. "Well I'm awfully sorry, but you can't. I'm afraid his place has been let to an American."

"Most English critics," Allan told me, "are still under the impression that I'm looking for a house."

The comment was characteristic. It was striking, it clinched the story nicely, and it was not true.

In fact the London critics have not been unkind to Allan, who at forty-five is by most standards a resounding success. His first appearance as an actor on television was hailed by *The Listener* and *Stage* as the best performance of 1959. His story-telling on the BBC program *Monday Night at Home* is widely admired. And on top of his theatrical successes three of his films are in production: *Lies My Father Told Me* is being shot in Dublin, with Betsy Blair and the Abbey Players improbably taking the parts of Montreal Jews. A second film is being made in England by John Cassavetes, the former

star of Johnny Staccato, whose movie *Shadows* was the critical sensation of the 1960 Venice Film Festival. Cassavetes, full of this acclaim, could have made almost any film he wished: he chose Allan's *Middle of Nowhere*. In China, the Bethune biography is being made into yet another movie.

With all these triumphs Allan is still spawning plans and schemes, some close to realization, some visionary, all grandiose. "I never know," says Jack McClelland, the Toronto publisher of Allan's Bethune biography, "whether half what he tells me is true. I don't think he does either."

McClelland took Allan to dinner, when he visited Toronto late in 1960, at the most expensive restaurant he could find—to go with Allan's conversation. True to form, Allan began to speak of his fabulous earnings, starting with a thousand dollars a week from *Gog et Magog*. McClelland calculated that his guest's annual income must be \$150,000. He was impressed. He let Allan pick up the check. Luckily Allan had enough money to pay it. He is often short of loose change.

A friend who lent him her apartment in Paris in 1955 recalls that he and Bob Roberts, a writer's agent, talked opulently there of arrangements for filming one of Allan's stories. The air of her apartment fairly crackled with visionary ten-thousand-dollar bills. "But the place was filthy," she complained, "all rye bread crumbs, bits of gefüllte fish, cigarette ash. . . ." She gave Allan a terrible tongue-lashing. His good humor remained unruffled.

"The trouble with you, kiddo, you're an anti-Semite." (She is Jewish like himself.) "Come on—we got to get a cab to the airport."

In the taxi Roberts and Allan continued to talk astronomical sums in half a dozen currencies. But it was their hostess who had to pay the driver. Between them the two men could not raise the fare.

During his recent Toronto visit Allan spotted an old friend in a restaurant, a newspaperman named Norman Phillips. Both men rose at once from their seats. Allan with the intention of borrowing a small sum, Phillips determined to recover fourteen dollars he had lent him five years earlier. It was a stalemate, and one of Allan's rare failures in making a touch. Years ago in Montreal he had borrowed five thousand dollars from a newspaperman who admired his writing, undertaking to pay him back at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month. Every month he faithfully wrote a cheque and mailed it to his benefactor. So patient a creditor—willing to wait seventeen years for repayment without interest—must be uncommon; it is a measure of Allan's expertise to have found him. And of his impatience that he could not wait so many years to settle the debt.

Because of his bounce and persuasiveness, Allan's enemies try to write him off as a mere salesman. "A *macher*," one of them told me, "a typical Hollywood promoter." *Macher* is a Yiddish word meaning literally a "maker"—an operator, a promoter. Such a view of Allan leaves out of account his tremendous talent, his generosity, his passionate championship of the underdog. ("And," said a friend, "he can find an underdog faster than anyone I know.") There is no doubt of his genius as a salesman, but he happens to have something to sell: a compassionate eye, a flair for comic dialogue, a dramatic gift of uncommon power and originality. About his new play, *The Secret of the World*, Toronto theatre critic Nathan Cohen told me, "If Allan revises the third act successfully he will have written the play that Arthur Miller meant to write when he wrote *Death of a Salesman*. It could be that important." Others have been no less reserved in their praise:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL RHOADS



Something dear to the heart of any playwright: a card announcing that his play is a sellout.

Joan Littlewood described it as "a great play," Oscar Loewenstein as "a masterpiece." And Isaac Deutscher, the biographer of Trotsky and historian of the Russian Communist party, calls it "a major play of our times."

I talked with Allan last November in the basement of his brother's house in north Toronto. He was due to leave for London next day to play the lead in the television version of his play *The Ghost Writers*, directed by Ted Kottcheff for ABC Armchair Theatre. He asked if I minded his packing while we talked. I said, not at all. That was the last that was said or done about packing.

The most arresting thing about him is his eyes, dark as molasses, thickly fringed with sooty lashes, they are of the sort that in Victorian novels are said to smolder. That evening Allan's skin glistened slightly with perspiration, there were bags under his eyes, he had the look of an energetic man suffering from a hangover. His feet were surprisingly small and trim in brown suede shoes. He talked vivaciously without gestures, kept munching bits of melba toast from a cardboard carton. After an hour or two of talk fuelled with this toast, shots of rye whisky from a half bottle in a brown paper bag, a pack of his cigarettes and half a pack of mine, pangs of hunger assailed him. He called his young niece, who brought scrambled eggs, salami, hamburger, cookies and coffee. In this way he worked up an appetite for dinner.

Talk is Allan's hold on life. He gives himself completely to the person who is his audience, as if he had to prove himself afresh with each encounter. He talks fluently, sometimes violently, telling his stories with disarming vividness and wit. I asked about the scar on his chin. "Which story do you want?" He was kindly offering me a choice. "The one I tell women about my duelling at what's that German university? Or the truth?"

Feeling somewhat priggish, I said I would settle for the truth. It happened he was in the mood for truth-telling. He wanted to talk about his childhood when the scar had been inflicted by a corner of the kitchen table, along with other more formidable scars on his soul.

Alan Herman (he has changed his own name only once; those of his plays he changes almost annually) was born in the slums of Montreal on January 25, 1916. "Rabbie" CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

A trip to Paris cheers Allan (at left); *Gog et Magog*, an adaptation of his *Double Image*, is a runaway hit.

THE FEAR OF FREEDOM

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI ROSSIER

Ex-convict Glen Hjalmarson (below, in Toronto) has served three sentences. Here he tells how it feels to pace a cell in the weeks just before a prison term is up, when the criminal must walk out into a world that doesn't need him. Hjalmarson writes of the convict as only two men ever see him—his cellmate and himself

IT'S FUNNY HOW YOU get used to a penitentiary. It's a world created by years and grey walls — a world you live in without thinking about it much. Then one morning you find yourself almost out. The habits that have enabled you to go on without thinking of the future have disappeared. You begin to count the days. We've got a term for it: "short-time." I start thinking of short-time when I've only a hundred days to go. I don't count every day at the start — just mark off ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty. But the last two months are different. Each day is a burden.

You try not to count the days but you know — almost down to the hour — how much time there's left. I look in the mirror and see shocking changes. I'd never noticed during the intervening years that my hairline had gone back so far; there is more than a touch of grey at my temples.

Now there are forty-seven days left. What I do and what I think and the decisions I make in the next few weeks are going to affect the rest of my life. I've got to look at the future and find the place (if there's to be a place) in the world for me.

In forty-seven days I've got to face the fact that I'll be born again — only this time, instead of being a baby, I'll be a grown man. But compared to me, a baby's lucky. He looks at the world around him with open honesty, for man hasn't taught him to be dishonest or distrustful. I'll be going out hostile and suspicious of those who walk beside me. I know well the world of brutality and depravity; but the things I wish for, those things I want so deeply, are far removed from that world. It's as though there were two worlds superimposed one upon the other but not quite fitting. There is a curious warp between these two worlds I see. In the few days left I must try to focus these two worlds so they become one. But that hard core of cynicism I've built up keeps saying I'll be back.

When your time gets short you think of many different things. I think

of all the foods and delicacies I've missed in the passing years and I change my mind a hundred times as to what that first meal will be. I like seafoods — not fish but oysters, scallops and deep-fried shrimp — and I picture myself sitting down to a table loaded with these delicacies.

But I can't picture the figure sitting across from me. There *should* be someone to share this meal but there's only a figure from the past. So I know the dream will fade. I know I won't be able to eat because my stomach will be tied in knots of tension.

Tension is the one emotion a short-timer lives with day in and day out. It's his constant companion as the last days crawl by. It hits some cons very hard. They become short-tempered, irritable and impossible to live with. A short-timer who's always been pleasant begins to grumble at the guy in the next cell who's pacing up and down. People talking on the range — between cells — bother the short-timer. He'll wake in the middle of the night and have a hard time getting back to sleep.

It's so bad at times that a few short-timers go over the wall—or try to. Before I went to jail for the first time I was always puzzled by newspaper stories of escapes by prisoners who had only a few months or weeks to serve out their term. Now, with the end of my third prison term only forty-seven days away, I understand. It's short-time tension.

Of course, it's only a few short-timers who try to escape. In fact eighty-five percent of all cons go through their entire "bits" without serious thought of escape. Sure, they'll talk about it and the go-boys who've done it, but they wouldn't be foolish enough to try it themselves.

The average con falls into one of two groups: the accidental or the professional criminal.

The accidental criminal is one who, owing to circumstances, becomes involved in a criminal act. He probably hasn't a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

This article is excerpted from Glen Hjalmarson's book, Just Call Us Bandits, which will be published next month by Longmans Green & Company of Toronto.



Photograph by Horst Ehrlich: University Avenue, Toronto: cranes are building subway.



Led by a controversial Torontonion named John C. Parkin, Canadian architects are putting up more and more of the steel-and-glass slabs that belong to what Frank Lloyd Wright called the flat-chested style. Here is what other architects think about Parkin, and what Parkin thinks — and does — about the cities we live in

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

IN 1954 AN American manufacturer sought out a young Toronto architect. He wanted the architect to design a plant for suburban Don Mills, a building typical of Canada. The American's concept of such a building was a CNR palace hotel, a Canadian imitation of an American imitation of a sixteenth-century French chateau.

As a consequence of this meeting of minds there now stands on Don Mills Road a simple steel-framed rectangle with glass walls and a flat roof. The young architect, John C. Parkin, may privately have agreed that Canadian architecture was Victorian, but he was convinced (and convincing) that the style of the future was Parkin's.

New styles in architecture, like young men upward bound, normally battle the *status quo* for years. But today across the country the International Style, or, as Frank Lloyd Wright termed it, the "flat-chested style," has traditionalists in rout. The largest firms of a decade ago have shrunk to middle size. The new victorious leaders are building steel-framed, glass-walled cubes. A sense of excitement pervades

the profession of architecture in Canada, which is now more than 2,100 strong, swollen by hundreds of foreign and British architects, and broken into some 750 firms. Biggest of all, swept to the top by the movement, or, some say, shoving it ahead of them as they climbed, are John C. Parkin and his unrelated namesakes, John B. and Edmund, partners in John B. Parkin Associates.

No one in this rigorous, practical, cant-clouded, carping profession is more admired or more disparaged than 38-year-old John C. Parkin, the Messiah of the renaissance. Swinging west and east on a Canadian Club circuit these next two months, he will try to sell fifteen audiences on the need to change our skylines. His buildings have helped raise taste, ethics and standards of construction.

"I'd sooner lose a contract to him than anyone," says Toronto architect Alexander Leman. "Whenever a Parkin building goes up," another apostle of Modern said recently, "it helps sell one of mine." Says Eric Arthur, head of design for Toronto's School of Architecture: "No one has influenced Canadian architecture more."

But his critics view his zeal as ambition, his principles as prejudice, his poise as arrogance and his confidence as conceit. Young would-be virtuosos in design write him off as a businessman, and some businessmen of the art call him an aesthete.

Architecture is the only art that produces a necessity, and none is therefore so paradoxical. This is an art that also is a business and a profession. The architect must simultaneously fulfill the needs of his client, his own urge for self-expression and his obligation to the public.

The Parkins have turned this art into big business. In their huge, glass-walled office facing a park in Don Mills, 170 architects, engineers and draftsmen sit hunched over swatches of paper bathed in fluorescent light. On these drafting boards are designs for buildings worth two hundred million dollars, from a gum factory to a synagogue to a home for unmarried mothers.

Architects call this "the blueprint factory." You feed in specifications, they say, and out roll the mass-produced blueprints, homes for unmarried mothers looking like gum factories, each bearing the Parkin

FLAT-CHESTED LOOK

continued

brand-image: blank glass walls and stark steel beams, precisely spaced according to formulae.

Yet from coast to coast in Canada the most meaningful architecture is coming from such giant firms, from Thompson, Berwick and Pratt of Vancouver; from Green, Blankstein, Russell and Associates of Winnipeg; from Affleck, Desbarats, Dimakopoulos, Lebensold, Michaud and Sise of Montreal. Parkin himself has won nine Massey medals for design, and in 1959 The Canadian Architect's poll of twenty members of the profession showed that they rated three of his structures among the eleven "most significant postwar buildings."

His detractors suggest that Parkin purchased these honors. "He doesn't have to create," says one. "He can buy originality. He ferrets out the top university graduates, talks them into working at bargain-basement rates, initials their designs and takes the bows."

The Parkin drafting room filters the flux of talent from abroad. Young men from Latvia, Poland and the Ukraine trade shop-talk with colleagues from Germany, Austria, Malta, Greece, the U.S. and the West Indies. Every few days they look up to see "J.C." strolling down an aisle, handsome, solid, impeccably dressed, composedly puffing a pipe. Conversation ceases. Some nod and grin as he passes. Others tense. The staff is split between those who like him and those who don't. As one explains, "A dynamic disciplined person seems autocratic until you know him."

Parkin halts beside the floor plans for Ottawa's Union Station, which a young Japanese-Canadian from the west coast, Gene Kinoshita, is pondering. "We'll need a significant roof form," Parkin reflects. "We'll make it a symbol. Perhaps imply a portal or gate to the capital. We don't want a giant shed for human beings." He

turns away, then pauses. "That promenade will be delightful to look down on the trains from, but locate it so we can take it off if the cost runs too high."

He studies the elevations for a clinic for alcoholics. "You've got something big and powerful there, Pete, why not echo it throughout the building?" He points to a roof-line. "Isn't that thin?"

"It doesn't have to carry air-conditioning," designer Peter Warren explains.

"Suppose they decide to air-condition in 1970?" Parkin moves on to a cosmetics factory. "Don't you think, with that warm purple brick, the light should come in through amber glass?" He frowns at an overhang. "Can you pull that back? It muddies up the view."

"I know, but it won't work if you do."

"I don't see why not," Parkin pencils some changes. The young architect slowly nods.

This, in effect, is the largest training school in the Commonwealth. Says Bob MacLeod, who once ran his own Vancouver office, "When you get a new problem you just walk across the room and talk to someone who's met it before." "You learn how an office should be organized," says John Gallop, who roamed as far as Hawaii after graduating from the University of Toronto. "I learned more here in six weeks than in three years out of school."

Not all the staff are uncritical. Some resent the contract forbidding them to freelance, though many ignore it. Others claim they get no credit for their designs, have no freedom to work out their own styles. "I don't think a really brilliant designer would stay here," says one. "He'd have to see eye to eye with J.C. on design."

Parkin is pegged as an imitator of Mies van der Rohe, the German famous for displacing masonry walls

with glass "curtain walls" hung from a skeleton of steel. An apocryphal story has Parkin and Professor Eric Arthur touring an architectural exhibit. Arthur stops before a photograph of a school.

"That's one of yours," he says to Parkin.

Parkin studies the label. "No, it's Mies."

Parkin's home on the opulent edge of Don Mills reveals Mies' influence. Its front, which encloses a courtyard, is a windowless wall of white brick, so simple it seems affected. Parkin collects comments on it. "What is it?" he hears weekend strollers ask. "A warehouse? A cloister? A power-plant?"

Mies preaches that utility is beauty—that an ornament on a building is no less, perhaps more, vulgar than a tattoo on a beautiful woman. Mies' dogma was and is the rebel's credo in his battle to banish Victorian embellishment.

Parkin holds to this principle but each year grows freer in interpreting it to his own taste. "You're naïve if you place your opinion above the masters at the outset," he says. "But unfortunately, the over-publicity of a few senior eccentrics has nurtured a Hollywood star system in architecture. Some young graduates expect to get star billing right away, only to find that our casting resembles a good documentary."

A Parkin "designer" is usually several men. For the \$30,000,000 renovation of Malton Airport, largest single commission in Canada's history, senior partner John B., associate engineer Ed Wilbee, and architect Lloyd Laity watched the handling of baggage and people at forty airports.

The key question, they felt, as they batted ideas around, was how far does the passenger walk? The shortest possible distance was out from the centre of a circle. This led them to bend their first plan, a straight

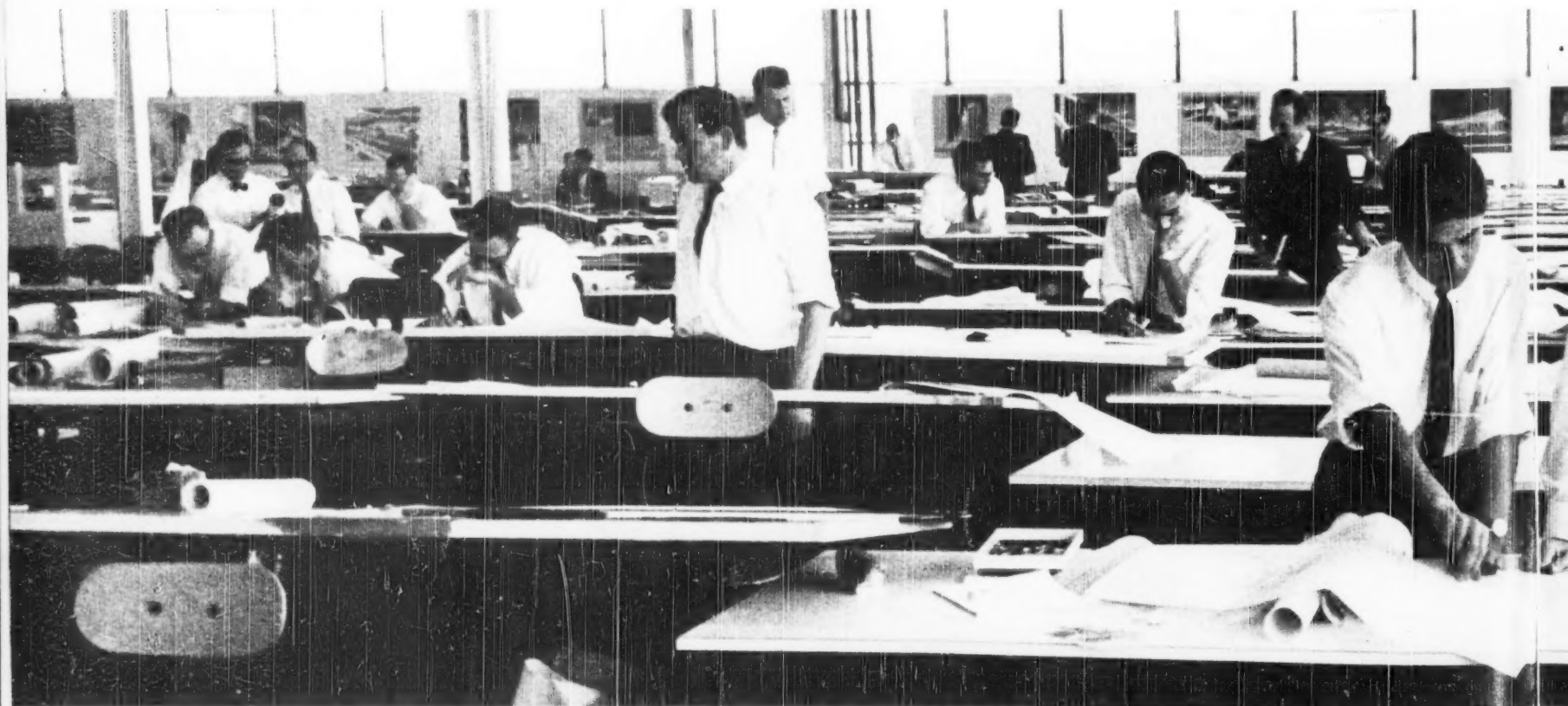
mile-long building, into a striking new design: planes nose in to a circular aeroquay ringing a square central terminal, where cars, approaching by tunnel, park on the roof. "I think it's unique," says Jack Shaw, the project manager, "but I doubt if Laity would take all the credit."

"It's awfully hard when you get this big to say who was the true creator," muses John B. "J.C. may plan the attack, but the boy who's doing it makes it his own. Doug Rowland (the chief designer) and the project designer add their ideas. And maybe the guy at the next desk to the designer thinks he's contributed more than the lunkhead who drew it."

"We'll give three or four people credit on the airport," says John C. "But we'll fight the guy who says this is my design and mine alone. Any bright kid can draw buildings on paper. That doesn't make you an architect. You don't study Wren's drawings in school, you study his buildings. Until your building goes up and works it isn't architecture."

"I tell John that architecture is like pregnancy," says Harold Town, an eminently successful modern painter. "A few minutes of creative glory in which you conceive the building, then nine months' gestation in which someone else has to sweat it out, battle the ignorance of clients, the apathy of engineers, the greed of builders. If it wasn't for Parkin, what buildings would these young designers have done? If they think he ties them down, let them leave. Art's a rough trade. You're like a pro hockey player. You expect to lose a tooth. If it bothers you, sell programs!"

Few professions are as competitive as the architect's. When the president of the Sun Life Assurance Company falls ill he calls his own doctor—no one competes for the business of curing him. But the Parkins had to top thirty firms for Sun Life's building in Toronto, reported to cost



Some rivals call the Parkin office in the Toronto suburb of Don Mills a blueprint factory; on these drafting boards are designs for buildings worth \$200 million. In foreground,

close to nine million dollars. A few months ago two Montreal architects toured the Parkin office. Within six weeks three key Parkin men had Montreal job offers. And architects quitting a firm are not always above taking clients with them.

"You bet we buy our designers' brains. What else are they here for?" says John B. "We pay them as much as anyone else, and we give them plenty of leeway. But a firm has to stand for something. Someone has to say, 'Yes, that's good,' or 'No, that won't do,' and that's J.C."

John C. began competing in school. His father, an accountant, was a frustrated architect in a family that dealt for a hundred years in lumber in Lindsay, Ontario. John C., as a child in Winnipeg, played with blocks and Meccano sets, and drew crude house designs on his playroom floor. In high school he studied drawing at night, while cramming purposefully to stay at the head of his class, perhaps in rivalry with his brother Alan, a year younger and now president of the Canadian Psychoanalytical Society.

At the University of Manitoba he met the first man who had ever really impressed him, Professor John Russell. Russell taught that design extended to theatre, ballet and daily life, and he gave himself to community work. "Russell gave me a social conscience," Parkin says.

In Toronto, John B.'s pioneering Sunnylea School, flat-roofed, low, with a bright childlike quality, was ending the era of schools that look like jails. John C. wrote to him, noting that their names and aims were similar, and John B. later offered him a job.

While John B., 34 then, beat the backbush for more schools, John C. designed modern buildings, some of Canada's earliest, perhaps because clients were often too unsophisticated to protest. Next year, 1946, John C. set off on a scholarship to win his master's degree from Harvard.

Here the competition was stiffer—

fifteen men from all over the world, paced by Paul Rudolph, now the leading young U.S. architect. But the real inspiration was Walter Gropius, one of architecture's great men, who was then a boyish 63.

Perched on a stool in his drafting room, Gropius told his incoming students, "We'll have no marks. You'll pass or fail. You'll work as a team. If you see an idea on someone's board that you need, borrow it, leaving, out of courtesy, an idea or two in return."

Parkin was astonished and delighted. This wasn't the usual Paris Beaux-Arts concept of teaching, which stresses competition. This was new. "For the first time in my life," he says, "I learned to work with someone else."

Gropius, who in 1919 founded Germany's Bauhaus, the first school of modern design, saw architecture, as Victor Hugo did, as "mother of the arts." He saw the architect as the universal man, not, like Leonardo da Vinci, master of all arts, but a chairman of specialists — engineers, designers, painters, sculptors. The concept had vanished as architects preoccupied themselves with selling taste to the *nouveaux riches* thrown up by the machine age, a concern with appearance that left functional buildings to engineers. Now the master builder, whose craft-teams built the great Gothic temples, was reappearing again after almost three centuries.

Parkin went into Harvard, he says, "a design agnostic." He came out with faith in tradition, for Gropius was part of it. He also came out engaged, to a Harvard MA in fine arts, Jeanne Warmith of Toronto. He talked with her of the new kind of firm that he and John B. would build, wherein architects working with engineers would fuse function and appearance.

Architects since the 1800s had abdicated the field of industry. They thought that

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ground, John C. Parkin (with striped tie) pauses to check a drawing by one of his staff designers. Thirty firms tried for the multi-million-dollar Sun Life job; Parkin's won.

The crime of keeping worn-out bodies alive

By N. J. Berrill

Medical miracles often bring only needless suffering to those who are beyond real hope. Here a distinguished Canadian scientist speaks for every man's final right — the right to die in peace

MOST INDIVIDUALS who get safely born now live to grow old, and of these a high proportion live to become truly aged before death supervenes. But it is becoming commonplace to put up a rear-guard action against that final confrontation.

Keeping worn-out bodies alive for an extra few months by means of modern medical techniques has become a challenge to all concerned. Surgeons and physicians are inclined to regard the business as a test of their personal skill or of their updated hospital equipment. Families are understandably loath to relinquish their hold on their loved ones, no matter how little remains truly alive to hold onto.

Between them, the relatives and doctors play into each other's hands in mutual encouragement to do everything possible to prolong the final agony. In such circumstances families are usually wrought up and lack judgment, while the surgeon or doctor fears to hold his hand lest it be said he failed to do all he could to keep grandpa alive. Yet in most such crises there is usually one silent voice, that of the soul who has received death's calling card. Granted that premature death is tragic, that there is tragedy in unfulfillment and bitterness in loss, the death that comes at the end of a long life is inevitable, is rarely entirely unwelcome at the time it comes, and is naturally a part of life as birth itself. To a truly old person, death comes as a friend bearing the gift of peace. Let him come as such, without rebuff, and allow the one he calls on to leave with quiet dignity.

This is what we now deny to the aged, so far as possible. More and more we have come to look upon the body as the person, as though everything and anything that can be done to keep the body functioning is right and proper, no matter what misery is inflicted upon the owner of that body or even if the owner is no longer aware of being present.

Two moral crimes are commonly committed: keeping worn-out bodies alive after the personality has ceased to be, and going to untold lengths to repair the bodies of aged persons who know better but are too weak to assert themselves.

Too many doctors are anxious to try out their skills, and too many families expect it. So much can be done, and so too much usually is done. As a doctor recently wrote in the Canadian Medical Association Journal, many patients *in extremis* die in a tangle of glass jars, pipettes, tubes and needles in veins, mouth and nostrils and bladder, or strung up on a cot with ropes, bars, pulleys and weights, like some kind of fowl. There is no end to this business and once we ignore the person and concentrate on the body, all manner of things becomes possible.

If only the body matters, it is possible to keep it alive for a time with an artificial heart or kidney if such organs are no longer operating, and it is certainly not necessary to have a functioning brain. All this is a nightmare world, and what may be useful in an emergency to save the life of a young person is sheer horror when inflicted upon the aged who are about to die. An old person has the right to die and to die decently, and not with all the indignities and insults to the body it is possible to inflict on it in the name of medical science. That right is as inalienable as the right of a child to grow, for the two belong together.

"While there is life there is hope" is a familiar phrase. During much of a lifetime it is true enough. But no amount of tinkering with the human body, by any means at all, can prolong the natural life span. Aging is a process that all living things undergo from the first moment of their individual existence. What you are to begin with sets your course thereafter, apart from accidents of one sort or another. The best that can be accomplished is to enable an individual to live to the age at which he or she naturally begins to break down.

What this age happens to be is determined right at the start, as studies of identical twins have shown. If one twin dies of heart failure at 66, the other is most likely to die from the same cause in the same year. If in another couple one twin dies from kidney breakdown at 73, the other almost certainly will do the same. When your time comes, it comes. When it comes, we need fortitude, not the shattering impact of last-ditch hospital procedures; as the psalmist said: "O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more." Old age is no time for serious, painful

operations and their miserable aftermath. The unnatural prolongation of life, beyond what is reasonable or genuinely hopeful, has no sanction either in the Hippocratic oath of medicine or in Christianity. The Anglican bishop of Exeter, speaking at a British Medical Association congress, stated that while there is a moral obligation to maintain life by all ordinary means, there is no obligation to use extraordinary means, that to subject very old people to the acute discomfort of a serious operation or of feeding by intravenous drip would seem to be morally wrong, and that there is truth in the line "Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive officiously to keep alive."

We should not add to the suffering of the aged by employing heroic measures, for it is the person who is important, not the body. Nor, by the same token, should bodies be kept alive after all consciousness has been lost, which is too often the case following a succession of strokes. As another theologian, Professor J. F. Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., has said, it is an error to view life on any terms, at any level, as the highest good. For "this betrays us into keeping 'vegetables' going, and to dragging the dying back to brute life just because we have the medical know-how to do it." When consciousness is gone, it is false value to hold the body if that is all that can be held, and for the rest, medically resurrecting the dying is cruel beyond words since it requires the person to die twice over and perhaps more often than that.

Supposing heart, blood vessels, liver and kidneys are so healthy that they sustain the body and mind in good state into the eighth and ninth decade, the chances increase that malignancy will appear, simply because you have stayed alive longer than most. Cancer is the most dreaded of all diseases, and it commonly gives difficult passage to the dying. How far should one go in attempting to fight it in the aged?

Here, perhaps more than in any other, the situation needs to be faced and understood in terms of hope and gain, in relation to the price to be paid. If the required operation is a major one, which is usually the case, death will probably be postponed, though generally for less than a year, after which the cancer is likely to reappear elsewhere and in a grimmer form.

And the gain? Let me quote the words of a dying English surgeon, recorded in the British Medical Journal: "The surgical part of my case was trivial and painless. I would not wish my worst enemy the prolonged hell I have been through with radium neuritis and myalgia for over six months." His obituary ran: "He formed the opinion that the treatment he had undergone had increased his suffering and made his passing more difficult, and he wished in his love for humanity to save others from a like fate."

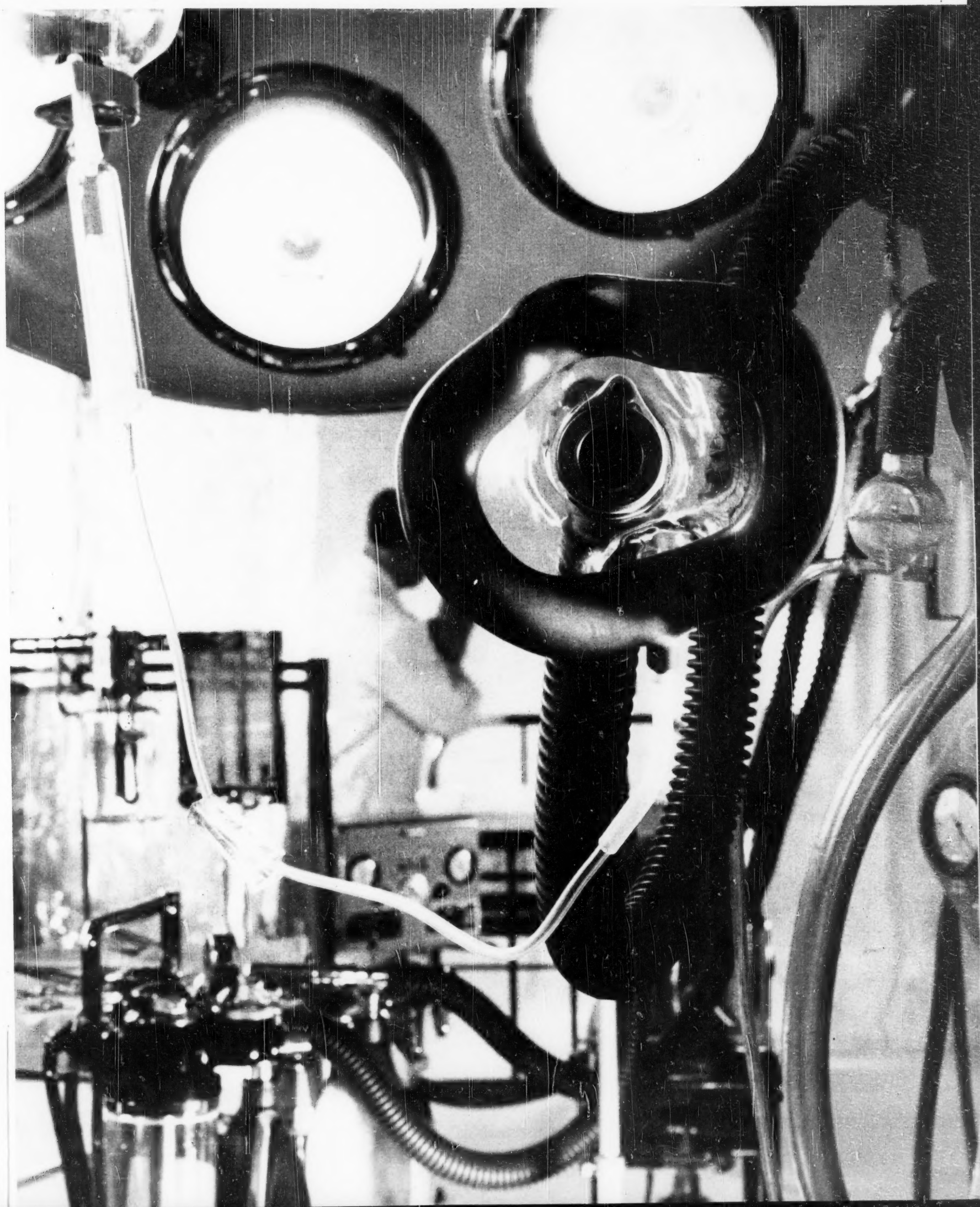
This point of view, that so much of the suffering inflicted upon the aged is uncalled for, has been put forth publicly by Dr. Gavin Miller, until recently the chief of surgery at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Speaking for himself, he said: "I would beg that if I became a 'vegetable' or if I had inoperable cancer that I be allowed to die in peace without any medication other than sedation."

A family with a stricken person, however, must realize that a doctor is under pressure. He is under pressure from his own conscience, which tells him that if he doesn't try every procedure and the patient dies, he is guilty of neglect. And he is under pressure from the family, which is under the double impact of the same sort of conscience and of the genuine, if thoughtless, desire to keep the loved one before them in some tangible form as long as possible, no matter what the cost to all concerned. Yet it is a poor mind that cannot stand some disquieting thoughts, and in any case, who has asked the patient what are his or her thoughts about it all?

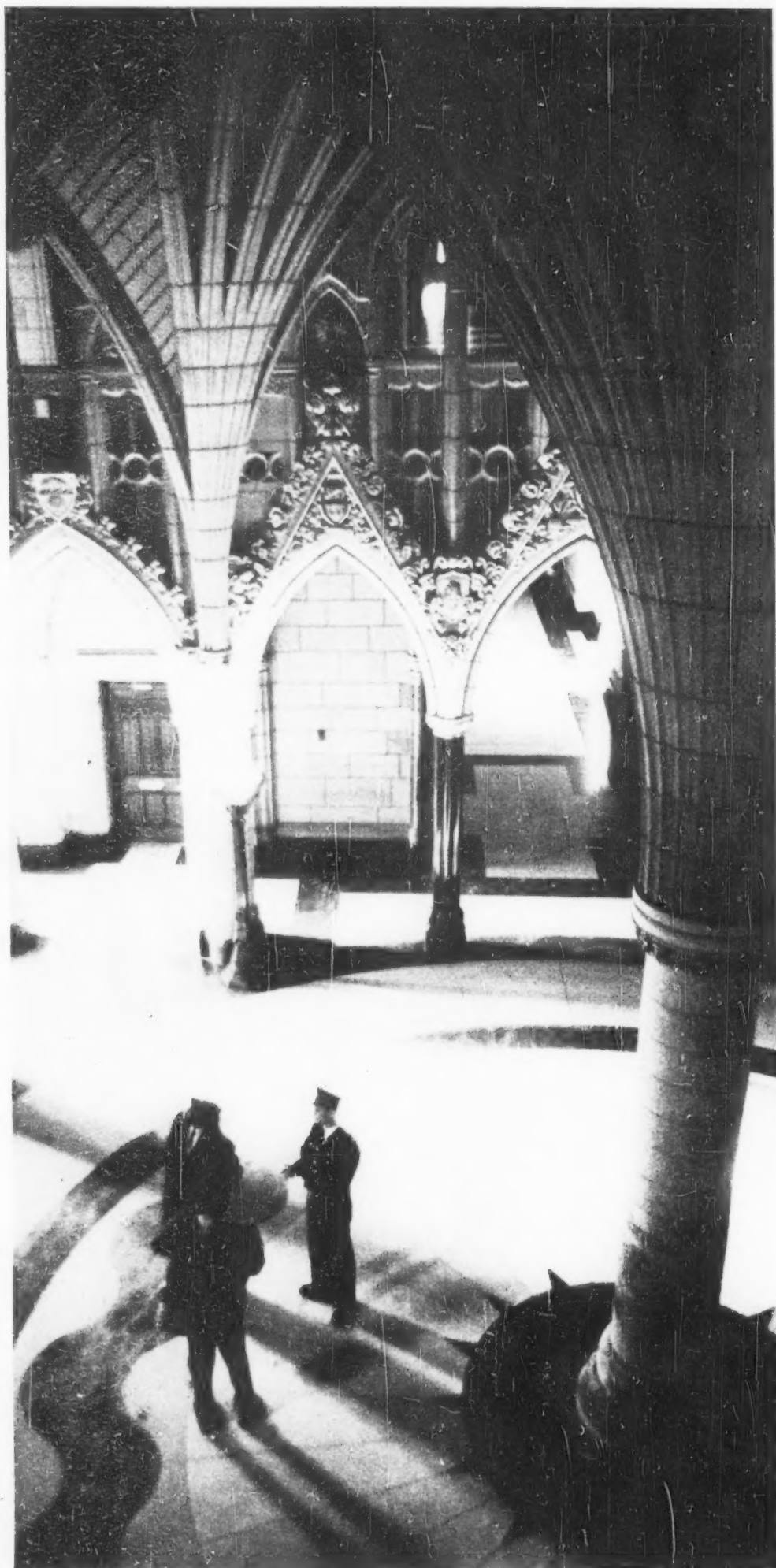
In his book *The Torch*, Dr. Wilder Penfield, one of the most understanding of living surgeons, puts these words into the mouth of an old woman who has been treated by the physician Hippocrates, the revered father of medicine: "You saved my life, I suppose, when you came to mend my broken leg. Now when you return to view

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Photograph by
Hugh Thompson



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS



What happens on the floor of the House is everybody's business, but here's what goes on backstage in Canada's most important building

24 HOURS ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Peter C. Newman

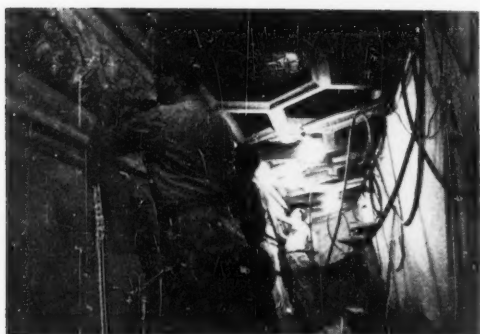
The magnificent Victorian pile in downtown Ottawa that serves as our parliament is the most important and most familiar building in Canada. Every day thousands of words are written and broadcast about the political activities within its grey sandstone walls. Far less familiar is the fact that our legislators spend astonishingly little time legislating; most of their day is occupied with tasks and diversions seldom revealed to the newspaper-reading and television-watching public. Here's what happens during a typical twenty-four hours in the Centre Block on Parliament Hill:



MIDNIGHT

Albert Artelle and Lionel Lacroix begin the daily round of routine in the parliament buildings just before midnight. These two gentle, wrinkled men have a single assignment: to spend the next eight hours hunting cockroaches. Because the insects have adopted the protective coloring of the buildings' washed-out grey marble, they aren't easy prey, but the men have learned their habits and relentlessly blast them out with electric DDT sprayers. Despite these efforts, some members of parliament continue to be bothered by the pests. "Conditions have reached such a stage," Harold Winch, the Vancouver CCFer, complained recently, "that we'll soon need not fumigators, but big-game hunters."

In an arid, fluorescent-lighted corner of the sub-basement another crew begins to labor at midnight. Its chief is William Oosterhoof, a jolly Dutch artisan of sixty-four who has spent the past twelve years directing the ornamental carving of the parliamentary corridors. Since the present structure replaced the original parliament buildings destroyed by fire in

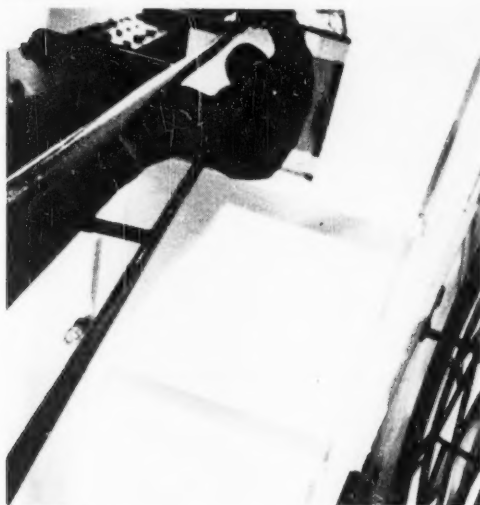


1916, five other sculptors have given most of their professional lives to finishing off the inside stone work. In his underground workshop, Oosterhoff transfers into clay models the graphic ideas he picks up from his spare-time reading of Canadian history. The molds are copied into the walls and ceilings every night by four stonecutters with chattering air hammers. The job will take another fifty years to complete; at least two more sculptors will have to devote their best working years to the task.



5 A.M.

Promptly at five a.m. the first wave of gossip hits the parliament buildings. It comes with the ninety-four charwomen who'll clean out nine rooms each by eight-thirty. They find the debris of each occupant's activities of the previous day, and pass on their comments to the sixty-one cleaning men who arrive an hour and a half later. The men daily sweep and mop down the building's seventy thousand square feet of corridors, its 1,041 marble steps and fifty-three stair landings. They fill four tent-sized tarpaulin bags with paper out of each floor's wastebaskets.



7.45 A.M.

Just five minutes before official sunrise at 7.50 a.m. a nattily dressed young man strides through the building's front door, takes the elevator to its last stop in the Peace Tower, dons a pair of leather gloves, then begins a hundred-foot climb on ships' ladders to the steeple's summit. He is Bill Laflamme

and his job is to raise and lower the fifteen-foot red ensign which marks the fact that parliament is in session. He reaches a cornice at the tower's summit, squeezes through a trapdoor, and quickly hauls the flag to the top of its thirty-five-foot bronzed pole. He'll be back at 4.20 p.m. to reverse the process, meanwhile working as a foreman with the Department of Public Works. The two ascents earn him an extra dollar a day. He has seen hawks dining on pigeons in the belfry and, during the summer, bats flit about his head.



8 A.M.

Laflamme is still clambering down the tower's ladders as John Diefenbaker walks out the front door of his official residence at 24 Sussex Drive, nods good morning to Gordon McCartney, his chauffeur, and settles in his blue Buick for the seven-minute ride to Parliament Hill. He's wearing a topcoat and black homburg, and this morning (though not usually) his wife is with him. The East Block, which houses his main office, isn't open yet, so he goes instead to the second of his three offices on Parliament Hill. He also has a large suite of rooms on the third floor of the Centre Block, but today he chooses to work in room 202N, a compact apartment only a dozen steps away from the floor of the Commons. Just off this office's main chamber is a tiny bedroom with a submariner's bunk along its east wall where the prime minister will take brief naps later in the day. Diefenbaker's first visitor arrives at 8.10 a.m.; he is a cabinet minister called in to explain a proposal he has made for future legislation. As he passes into the apartment's vestibule he is wearing the gruff grimace of a man who feels he should have been allowed time to eat a

proper breakfast. As the winter sun brightens the eastern horizon, its rays hit the cluster of violet pots spread before the window of room 474N by the secretaries of the Senate staff office.



8.30 A.M.

Just before 8.30 a.m. L. B. Pearson drives his Mercury into the parliamentary parking lot, takes the elevator to his fourth-floor office and begins his morning ritual of reading the Globe and Mail, the Montreal Gazette, the previous evening's Toronto Star and the latest Times of London and New York Times. He then calls in Mary Macdonald, his private secretary, deals with his mail and makes a few phone calls.



9 A.M.

The real business of parliament is now accelerating in most of the Centre Block's four hundred and ninety rooms. This business is not, as many Canadians would like to believe, the formulation of new and more enlightened legislation. The main preoccupation of Canada's parliament is talk. The building vibrates with words in the form of debate, rumor, innuendo, factual discussion, and plain name-calling. There's backstairs gossip about the MP who was in his cups on the floor of the House last night and sudden speculation about a hitherto obscure Tory backbencher who spent twenty-three minutes in the prime minister's office yesterday. Accompanying almost every comment, no matter how innocuous, is some kind of dig at the speaker's political opponents. The politicians talk the whole day long, like birds trilling their claims to space.

10.30 A.M.

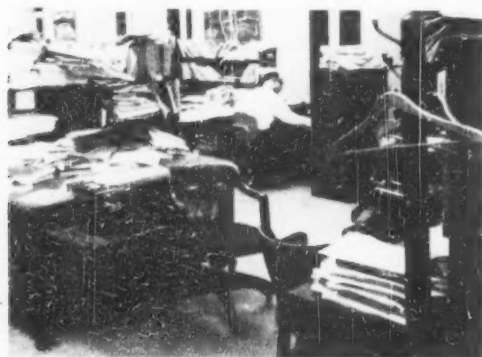
Those members of parliament momentarily not talking to their colleagues at mid-morning are dictating letters. The House of Commons post office handles an outflow of 3,500,000 letters a year . . . Jim McGrath (below), the member for St. John's East, opens a



CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE

PARLIAMENT continued

letter from a seventeen-year-old boy who wants a recommendation for a government job. He dictates a reply that the restrictions of civil-service procedures make such a recommendation useless. Then he goes to meet the chairman of the Canadian Maritime Commission to enquire about plans for repair to the docks on Bell Island in his constituency. . . . Bill Hamilton, the post-master-general, spends most of the morning arranging the details of federal participation in the construction of an underpass in his Montreal riding. . . . Davie Fulton the minister of justice, receives Bishop Fergus O'Grady to discuss the financing of a junior college for Indians at Prince George, B.C. Fulton will leave later in the day for Washington to hold negotiations on the power development of the Columbia River. . . . Grant Campbell, the Tory member from Cornwall, Ont., gets a phone call from a drover in his riding who wants to sell cattle to Cuba. He makes an appointment with the Canadian trade commissioner to Cuba, who happens to be in Ottawa. Then he sets up a dinner engagement with a man interested in establishing a plant at Cornwall for exporting prefabricated housing sections to South America. . . . John Pallett, the chief whip of the Conservative party, is mainly concerned with organizing speakers for the afternoon's debate. He also sees two of his constituents from Port Credit, Ont., and writes the script for his weekly ten-minute radio broadcast home. . . . Mike Pearson welcomes to his office the secretary of the Little Current Chamber of Commerce, who wants to discuss a constituency matter. The next visitor is Yaacov Herzog, the Israeli ambassador to Canada, whose courtesy call runs far over its allotted time, as does a call later in the day from the Austrian ambassador. To these men, Pearson remains Ottawa's most valuable interpreter of world events.



In the incredibly cluttered northeast corner of the building's third floor two packages arrive at the Parliamentary Press Gallery. By coincidence they're both from publicity-anxious designers of new Canadian flags. Each of the samples is based on maple leaves. One is red, white and blue, the other red, white and green, its sponsor claiming that the latter "denotes concord, amity and consideration for the feelings of all."

Few of the gallery's hundred reporters pay much attention to the flag samples, which will be filed as exhibits 5714 and 5715 in the dusty and crowded archives of the Secretary of State's Department. As the day's more significant news develops, the gallery's reporters file 189 stories totaling more than fifty thousand words.

COFFEE BREAK

The leads for many of their most original dispatches come from conversations at the mid-morning coffee break in the fifth-floor cafeteria where reporters sip coffee with MPs, their secretaries and the odd cabinet minister. By eleven o'clock, the volume of the room's chatter has multiplied into a fugue of



words that resembles the sounds of a Walt Disney jungle. A cabinet minister's secretary leans across the table and whispers to a reporter: "I heard him say there's a new approach coming, stimulated by people who haven't read deeply into Machiavelli."

As the daily political tensions of the building's occupants multiply, a few legislators relax by taking their weekly trip to the basement parlor of Sam Macrillo, the resident masseur. Macrillo begins the day by administering steam and a two-dollar mas-



sage to Guy Rouleau, the Liberal MP for Dollard. Rouleau is followed into the steam cabinet by David Walker, the minister of public works; Senator Aristide Blais; Howard Graftley, the Tory member for Brome-Missisquoi; and J. Waldo Monteith, the minister of national health and welfare. Next to the masseur's quarters, and an even better bargain, is the Commons barber shop, where members can get a trim for only thirty-five cents from government-employed haircutters. The Senate keeps one barber of its own. The charge there is forty cents, but you're allowed one extra privilege: the use of a light-blue cuspidor.

The building has the self-sufficiency of an ocean liner. As well as the barbers and masseur, there's a tailor, upholsterer, pastry cook, shoeshine boy and nurse. With nine hundred and seventy-three men and women employed during the sessions, the parliamentary staff outnumbers legislators almost three to one. Four men spend the day delivering ice cubes to the building's water coolers. While parliament is sitting, the four men distribute thirty-five hundred pounds of ice cubes a day. This dwindles to eight hundred pounds during recess, though the population of the building drops only fifty percent. MPs use a lot of ice cubes.

11.25 A.M.

As Ottawa's main tourist attraction, the parliament buildings are visited by more than half a million people a year. The first organized group of

sightseers arrives at 11.25 a.m. It's a clutch of nun-shepherded students from St. Mary's School in Quyon, Que. A member of the Commons' protective staff conducts them about. "At the base of this column," he intones at the main entrance hall, "is a skilfully carved Father Neptune and his dogs of the sea. The inlaid foam-flecked marble represents the waves. From the cap of the column spring the graceful ribs which sustain the stone groined ceiling and unite at their apex in a circular sweep with the ribs that rise from the surrounding walls representing the provinces of the dominion, each giving and receiving support. . . ."



11.45 A.M.

Shortly after the little group of pointing pupils departs for a tour of the Peace Tower, a caravan of twenty-two cars with ninety unemployed workers from the Windsor area draws up before the parliament buildings. They're here to plead for extra relief. Five cabinet ministers are hastily summoned into a committee room to hear their complaints. Serge Gopelle, one of the delegation's leaders, compares the Canadian automobile industry to a cow "with its head in Windsor and its udder in Detroit—fed at one end and milked at the other." The mood of the committee room becomes ugly as Gordon Hunt, an unemployed Windsor workman, shouts: "You asked us for a mandate so you could pass legislation in order that no one would suffer. We are suffering! We're hungry! We want jobs and we want them now!" Mike Starr, the minister of labor, calms the crowd with a summing-up of government plans. He concedes nothing, but makes enough of an impression that the delegates troop out again, muttering but not cursing.

NOON

Now it's lunchtime. Jacques Chauvert, a tiny, smiling Frenchman who is the parliamentary restaurant's chief pastry cook, has spent the past hour squishing meringues into a pan, at a rate of forty a minute, for placing around ice-cream rolls as one of the meal's four dessert choices. Also on today's menu are roast veal and four other main dishes. The three-

course luncheon costs \$1.25, on which the restaurant breaks even, though it's not charged rent or labor costs. Cabinet ministers are often too busy to eat in the dining room. At 12.32 p.m. Gordon McCartney, Diefenbaker's chauffeur, places the prime minister's lunch on his desk — a tray with vegetable soup, salad, cheese and a glass of milk.

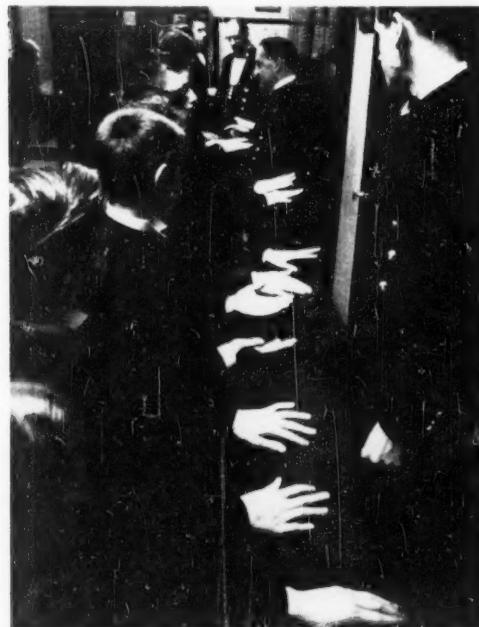


1.58 P.M.

At 1.58 p.m., Robert Donnell leaves his snug office-parlor high up in the Peace Tower and takes an elevator to the belfry. Donnell, the country's most talented bellringer, has been Dominion Carillonneur since 1939 and remains the only one-man division in the federal government. The Peace Tower carillon consists of fifty-three bells, ranging from a 22,400-pound giant (pitched to F) to a ten-pound tinkler (pitched to A, four and a half octaves higher). To play the instrument Donnell pounds at a large keyboard of wooden handles with his fists and feet, setting the bell clappers in motion. He begins his fifteen-minute recital with his own transcription of the Newfoundland folk song, *Squid Jiggin' Ground*. The tower's resonance sprinkles the bell notes into the peppermint freshness of the early afternoon.

2.15 P.M.

At 2.15 p.m., just as the carillon's final echoes are dying away, a series of brusque commands sounds in a basement locker room: "PUT AWAY YOUR GAME! FALL IN! CHECK YOUR BOW TIES! FINGERNAILS!" This is the daily inspection by



Philippe Foley, chief page, of the seventeen pages, aged twelve to sixteen, who run messages on the floor of the House of Commons. The boys attend school in the morning, get a free lunch, then play games until they're summoned to work. They're paid \$125 a month during each session, but their tenure is brief. Once they've grown much over five feet they're retired, because they then might block the Speaker's view in the House. Foley, a former Quebec schoolteacher, checks every boy's dress and hands, then snaps his fingers, and counting out "Left, right, left, right," marches his Lilliputian army up to the chamber.

In his suite of offices Roland Michener, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has just summoned in his steward to help him dress. A Rhodes Scholar and distinguished Toronto lawyer, Michener occupies one of the most difficult offices of our parliamentary system: he's just as dependent on his constituents for re-election as every other MP but, unlike his colleagues, the nature of his office dictates strict political neutrality. He has spent the morning having one of his regular French lessons, answering mail from his riding and enjoying a game of squash at the University of Ottawa. At 2.27 p.m., the Speaker sets off, marching in parade fashion behind George Jones, the assistant chief of the Commons protective service and Lt.-Col. David Currie, VC, the Sergeant-at-Arms, who carries the Commons mace. In the chamber Michener looks around to see if a quorum (twenty MPs) is present, then begins to read the daily prayers: "... be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory..."

After the Clerk of the House pronounces the final "Amen", the MPs who have skipped prayers file into the Commons. The day's parliamentary business begins as the Speaker calls the House to "orders of the day"—the time set aside in parliamentary procedure when urgent matters of state are supposed to be brought to the government's attention. In fact, the question period is an exercise in political gamesmanship. Opposition members are out to embarrass cabinet ministers, while government backbenchers are primed for over-emphasized laughter if the sally goes their way. Mike Pearson asks the prime minister about Canada's position in the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development, newly formed in Paris: CCF leader Hazen Argue wants to know whether Canada intends withdrawing from UN service its troops in the Congo; Liberal House leader Lionel Chevrier needles Diefenbaker about the speech made by a Tory backbencher purporting to announce government policy. As the questions and answers become increasingly barbed, a senator sitting in one of the visitors' galleries looks down at the arena where he too once fought off attackers on his government's policies. Now he is only outraged by all these people stirring up so much argument, and wishes that someone would put a stop to it.

2.59 P.M.

It's 2.59 p.m. when the senator leaves the Commons to move into the more congenial atmosphere of the Senate chamber at the east end of the parliament buildings. The bell is ringing to summon other senators for their day's sitting. Unlike the fire-gong clash that urgently calls the Commons into session, the Senate signal has the gentler notes of a summer-camp triangle sounding chow. Although the upper house can veto or delay any Commons bill, the Senate seldom uses its powers, giving most government bills little more than the formality of debate. Some senators make only one or two speeches in a year. Senator Georges Dessaulles, who died in 1930



a few months short of 103, didn't speak once in debate during his twenty-three years in the chamber. Senator David Croll chooses this day to make a strong attack on the government's attitude on trade with Cuba, but few senators are listening. Two are asleep, two others are struggling to keep their heads up with decreasing success, and one is reading the comics. The chamber has the suffocating atmosphere of an attic in summer at high noon.

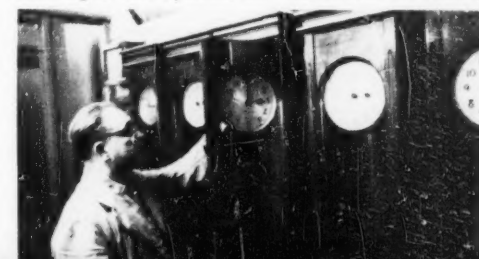
Back in the House of Commons, debate on the government's proposal to establish a National Productivity Council is being considerably enlivened by Judy LaMarsh, the new Liberal MP for Niagara Falls. The winner of a by-election in October, she makes a maiden speech blasting the inadequacy of Tory job-creating policies. Her mother is in the public gallery, seven cabinet ministers have paid her the compliment of staying to listen rather than going back to their offices as they usually do after question period. "I'm glad I got my feet wet," she says later. "Now I can really start twisting their tail."



3.30 P.M.

At 3.30 p.m. the day shift of the operators who drive the parliament buildings' eight elevators retire for a smoke in a basement locker room to wait until 4 p.m. when they can punch out. Their caps tilted back, they swap the day's yarns in the easy camaraderie of a Strategic Air Command debriefing bunker.

Across the hall from the elevator operators is the office of Jack Smith, an alert wisp of a man whose main job is to keep parliament running on time. He spends much of the day seated before five dials that operate the building's hundred and thirty-five slave clocks. Once every hour the five master clocks are synchronized by a signal from the chronometer at the Dominion Observatory two miles away. The same signal also operates the

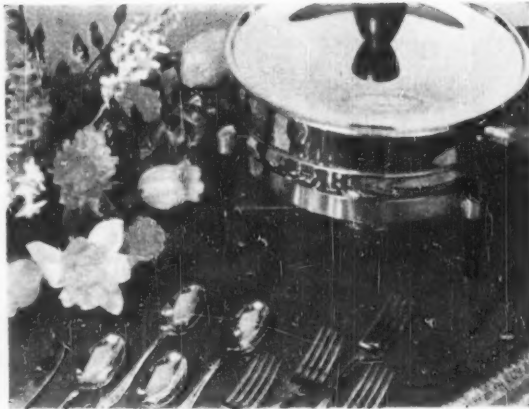




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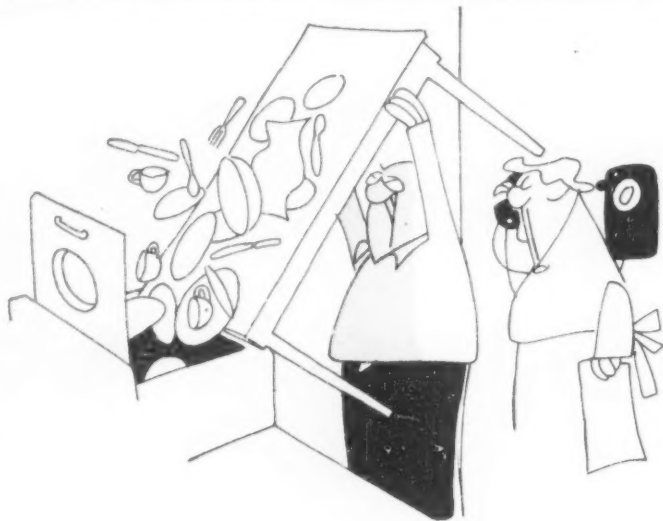
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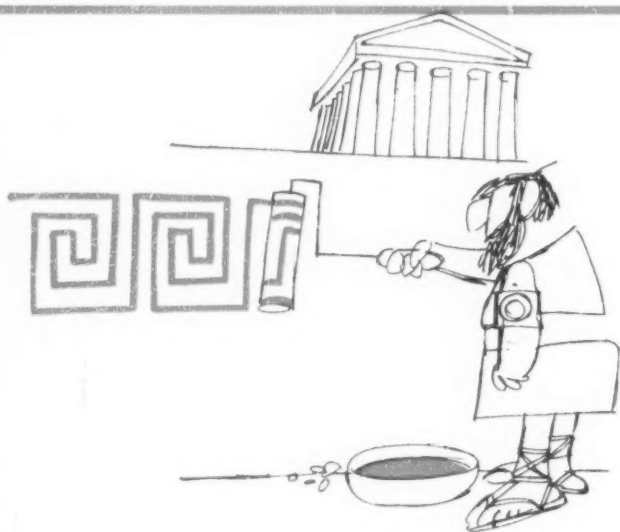
The **Sweet & Sour**
nonsense of Dave Harbaugh



"George doesn't mind helping since we got the dishwasher."



"Don't sweetheart me!"



"I've decided to put you back on cigarettes."



"Can he call you tomorrow? Our mobile's on the blink."



McLeish

Twenty-four hours on Parliament Hill

Continued from page 23

chiming barrel in the Peace Tower belfry that automatically tolls off the time at fifteen-minute intervals on the carillon.

6.30 P.M.

The bells sound 6.30 p.m. Supper is being served in the restaurant and cafeteria. Although the Commons and Senate debates stand adjourned between six and eight o'clock, many of the diners are vigorously debating still. During the dinner hour, a cocktail party is being given in a basement committee room. About five hundred such private receptions are held in the building during every session; the host must pay all the bills except room rental, and must of course buy his own liquor. This party picks up as everyone becomes occupied in justifying himself to those around him. An MP's stout wife lumbers in wearing a hat on which a furry animal appears to be chasing its tail. Her husband notices the stares and answers with a look which signifies that men of the world will understand the foolishness of adding arguments about fashion to an already overburdened life. "The time to start listening carefully is just after the third cocktail," somebody says.

8 P.M.

At 8 p.m. the House and Senate are called back into session. Bert Herridge, the deputy CCF leader, launches an attack on Diefenbaker's defense of his bill to establish a National Productivity Council. "I certainly love to watch the prime minister waving in the wind of his own eloquence," Herridge cracks. The opposition benches roar with approval. Jack Pickersgill rises for the Liberals and, pointing to Diefenbaker, charges that "no government in the history of the world has done so little and advertised so much." The prime minister concludes the debate with an uncharacteristically mild summing up of the bill's objectives. "When all our legislation is in," he says, "we shall have come a long way toward carrying out in their entirety those promises which we made in 1957 and 1958." A vote is then taken on the second reading of the Productivity Council Act. A hundred and seventy-five MPs of all parties stand up to support the measure; only two CCFers register a protest. It's 10 p.m. The House is adjourned.

10 P.M.

Footsteps echo loudly on the grey marble floors as offices and corridors empty for the night. At the west end of the fourth floor an MP is pacing his office, apparently involved in some difficult personal choice. In another room a radio blares guitar music. The air rolls in cold over the building from the flanks of the Ottawa River. Tree limbs chatter with ice. After a time through a lighted basement door arrive the two cockroach hunters, ready to set off on their nocturnal patrol. Another day is about to begin on Parliament Hill. ★

PARADE

A room with a viewer

Affluent Society note: A flophouse on Toronto's Jarvis Street announces: "Bunk beds 60c — with TV."

Sports writer waxes lyrical!

There are always a great many visiting sports writers in Florida. Metropolitan papers send their men from all over the country to cover the training camps of major baseball league teams, to report professional golf tournaments, water skiing championships and other athletic contests. Usually these newsmen regard their living accommodations and travel arrangements as routine and bothersome. They come in from the

north and west by train or plane, rent a car and go about their business.

Recently a coast-to-coast car rental organization was surprised to receive a letter from a man who is probably Canada's best known sports writer — certainly the most travelled. Part of his letter read as follows: "Just wanted to let you know that, as usual, I have been very well taken care of car-wise through you and your global associates.

A man met my train with a white Chev Impala convertible job — the slickest thing I ever saw".

This is almost as unique as the man biting the dog. It isn't too often that such a busy man can take time out personally to write a letter of appreciation for a taken-for-granted service. And — oh yes — the friendly letter was written to the Tilden System...the only Canadian name in world wide car rentals.

You're years ahead with Tilden



Background from the James collection of early Canadiana

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had to laugh
at Aunt Meg."**

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positively
antique
at 40. External pads
have been around since
before she was born,
yet she won't
concede there's a
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*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*



Canada's next look: flat-chested cities

Continued from page 17

There were, of course, clients who simply wanted the greatest possible space for the least money

engineers were crass and engineers thought them incompetent. The breach doomed the poor to ugly efficient factories and the rich to beautiful mansions with poor plumbing. With two engineers, Ed Wilbee and Ewart Mews, and John B.'s brother Edmund, a Harvard-trained landscape specialist, the Parkins set out to sell glass-and-steel to industry.

They came on the scene as industry was spilling into the suburbs. Home-owners feared for house values but wanted to lighten taxes. John C.'s first factory, for Fabergé Perfumes—low and bright with a serpentine wall, a reflecting pool and gardens—showed that factory districts need never again be the other side of the tracks.

But there were clients who simply wanted the most space for the least money. Wilbee measured machinery, charted the movement of raw materials, invented methods for stacking goods. With the money saved on space John C. bought better brick and design.

Wilbee's knowledge of product-flow in factories helped in planning hospitals. They placed the reception room where the night nurse could double as night switchboard operator, and put the supply and disposal area next to the operating room. They turned away clients who wanted Georgian-type buildings, and eked out income by designing washers and radios.

They perfected a group approach to cope with the new group patron, the corporate committee that was replacing the tycoon. They developed specialists in schools, factories, hospitals, shopping centres, recruited experts in civil, electrical, structural and mechanical engineering, in cost analysis, specification writing and field supervision. John B.'s squash-ball bounce and salesmanship brought in clients. John C.'s skin-and-bones walls and assembly-line units cut costs in materials and labor, and added inches and flexibility to offices.

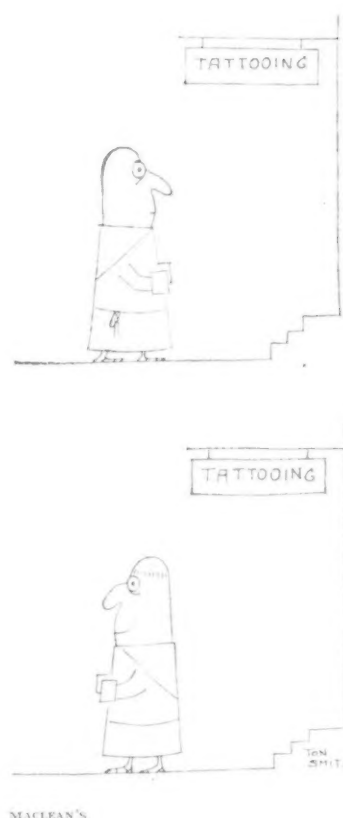
In fifteen years they've built a thousand buildings, from a hotdog stand to a Simpsons-Sears store and proved that art has lost nothing by efficiency. Philip Johnson, director of architecture for the Museum of Modern Art, called John C.'s landscaped mall in Don Mills "the best small shopping centre I have seen." Toronto's Parkin-designed subway stations, announced the late Frank Lloyd Wright, in a rare mood of approbation, were "the best in the world." And the Parkin office, built four years ago, which counteracts specialization by seating experts so that they exchange views, was labelled "the best of its kind" by the dean of architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Around this office, success is weaving a myth. It is common belief among architects that those who work here must punch a time clock and dress in white shirts and dark suits to match the decor. Staffers joke that J. C. can press a button and lower the ceiling beams on recalcitrant heads. Coffee breaks are taboo. The firm's routine reflects its founders—practical, pleasant and controlled.

From his chastely elegant office Parkin peppers the staff with memos: "Running glass dimensions through a computer might yield a chance design, something unexpected, like a painter throwing paint at a canvas—within a carefully controlled structure, of course."

"I'm enclosing a clipping on a new glare-resistant glass. Would you look into it?"

"On one of our recent contracts I noted stainless-steel switch plates grouped



with bronze thermostats. In future all exposed metal shall be a uniform color," Parkin believes, with Mies van der Rohe, that "God is in the details." "Like most fine artists," says John B., "he's a perfectionist."

After his noonday sandwich he may head downtown in his 1957 white Chrysler to chair a meeting of the National Industrial Design Council or the exhibition committee of the Toronto Art Gallery. He also serves on Canada's UNESCO commission, for which he journeyed to New Delhi in 1956. He was president of the Canada Arts Council from 1955 to '58, and his public speeches and private lobbying with cabinet ministers generated much of the pressure that pushed the government into creating the Canada Council, patron extraordinary of the arts. "He's a crusader," says his successor on the Arts

Council, Arthur Gelber, "and wherever he goes he's selling architecture."

He is currently campaigning to waken the public to the need for better public buildings, city planning and housing, a result of having toured fifteen Canadian cities last year as one of a three-man committee of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. He would like to see our sprawling, grimy lakefront sheds replaced by handsome buildings, restoring the waterfront to the public. He would turn our city centres into carless parklike plazas, flanked by towering apartment blocks sited for sun, light and air, and beyond these the suburbs, landscaped for privacy and serenity. "We've got to take architecture to the people," Parkin says. "As Winston Churchill said, 'We shape our buildings, but in the end our buildings shape us.'"

His crowded schedule forces him to take comradeship where he finds it, and after a dress-suit dinner at the Royal Canadian Academy he may set off on an unscheduled party with artists Ron Wilson or Harold Town that ends in a tour of a building at four a.m. He tries to save his weekends for his wife and three children, but a good deal of time is spent on his living-room floor poring over designs.

Like architects all over the world he is searching for richer expressions of the modern functional philosophy. The uncluttered cube has won the day but its starkness fails to satisfy. Architecture is moving again toward variety and ornament, drama or delight, a greater expression of emotion.

"We've got to keep moving forward or we'll fall back," Parkin says. "But we can't ring in change for the sake of change. If the Greeks and Georgians had done that those styles would never have developed—it took several hundred years to refine the Greek temple. There's still a lot of refining to be done in metal and glass. You can't be swept up in fads and fashion. You can't test for bugs as you can in cars. A building is a drop-head situation."

The irony of the architect as artist is that he cannot have complete individual freedom. If his boldly original roof caves in he is criminally responsible. If it leaks, he has failed in his professional duty. The architect's course lies somewhere between his personal visions and popular approval, and sometimes Parkin talks as if the safest course were the best. "Ambition isn't individuality," he says. "Originality is rare. We don't want to pursue an illusion. We're not geniuses. We just work hard."

But sometimes he talks like a man who aspires to more than excellence: "It took years for the great architects, Wren, Palladio, Saarinen, to develop their individual styles. We're only thirteen years old."

This is the schizophrenia of the fine architect, a man who can talk of dollars and cents, of convenience and public relations, while harboring an unrealized ideal of beauty. ★



Quick mix

As the checkout clerk in the Edmonton supermarket rang up the young wife's purchases, her husband sang out the items he saw disappearing into the big paper bags. "Instant pudding, instant coffee, instant pie-crust mix, instant potatoes," he intoned dimly. And picking up the bag of groceries he was overheard to growl at his bride, "Well, you're lucky it's not raining."

The crime of keeping worn-out bodies alive

Continued from page 18

The question of further treatment boils down to: How much life can be bought for how much pain?

your handiwork, there are two things that you should study, the leg and me. . . . Would you still be proud of what you have done if I said I do not thank you for saving my life? I did not enjoy these endless days in bed. My time had come to die: I was ready to go, you see."

All this may be very well, yet in every case the difficult question becomes direct and personal to an individual, a family, and a physician. What should or should not be done? Much depends, for instance, upon the age and vigor of the stricken person. If all goes well, how much life expectancy is left? How much life, and what sort of life, can be bought for how much misery suffered? The answer, I think, is that there should be a reasonable chance that treatment will result in recovery, and that a significant amount of time will be left for the enjoyment of life.

The life doesn't belong to them

If the odds are heavily against recovery, such odds would be taken without hesitation in early life or even at the usual age for retirement, but when age is so advanced that there is no real life expectancy left, drastic treatment of any kind should be withheld. If the victim is sound in mind, if not in body, he or she would generally be the first to say "leave well alone," and most physicians and surgeons would privately agree. In such cases it is not for the family to say that life must be prolonged at any cost, for the life in question, though cherished by them, does not belong to them.

How much suffering, through treatment, for how much life? Maybe you, the victim, or you, the family, do not know. Then it is the business of your physician to tell you. If you have an incurable cancer, you have the right to be told, in spite of frequent medical practice to the contrary. If you merely suspect but prefer not to have it spelled out, that is your business too. In that case your family undertakes the burden of decision, but even then the only consideration should be what is worth while to the patient, and not what the thought of impending loss may be to the family. If, the desire, then, is to die in peace, what should be done? Alleviation of pain and discomfort as much as possible, through sedation and attention, with love and understanding. No more and no less.

Circumstances unfortunately may be far more difficult than this. An old person may be far from being mentally able to cope with the situation. Suppose, for instance, that there is a senile will to die, if you can call it that. If such is the case, no one else has the right to deny it. Whether it comes from weariness or from actual brain and nerve deterioration, it is nobody's business to bar the door. So much interference derives from the relatives' desire to clear their own consciences so that they can forever afterward pacify themselves by saying over and over that they did everything possible, which is a natural but nonetheless unmistakable form of selfishness. An overwillingness to meet death is but one extreme, however. The other could be a fear of death so

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SINCE 1874

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"If you didn't climb into the upper berth, who did?"

PARADE

Road signs of the times

Road sign on the Avalon Peninsula, Newfoundland: "Main highway open for traffic while detour is being repaired."

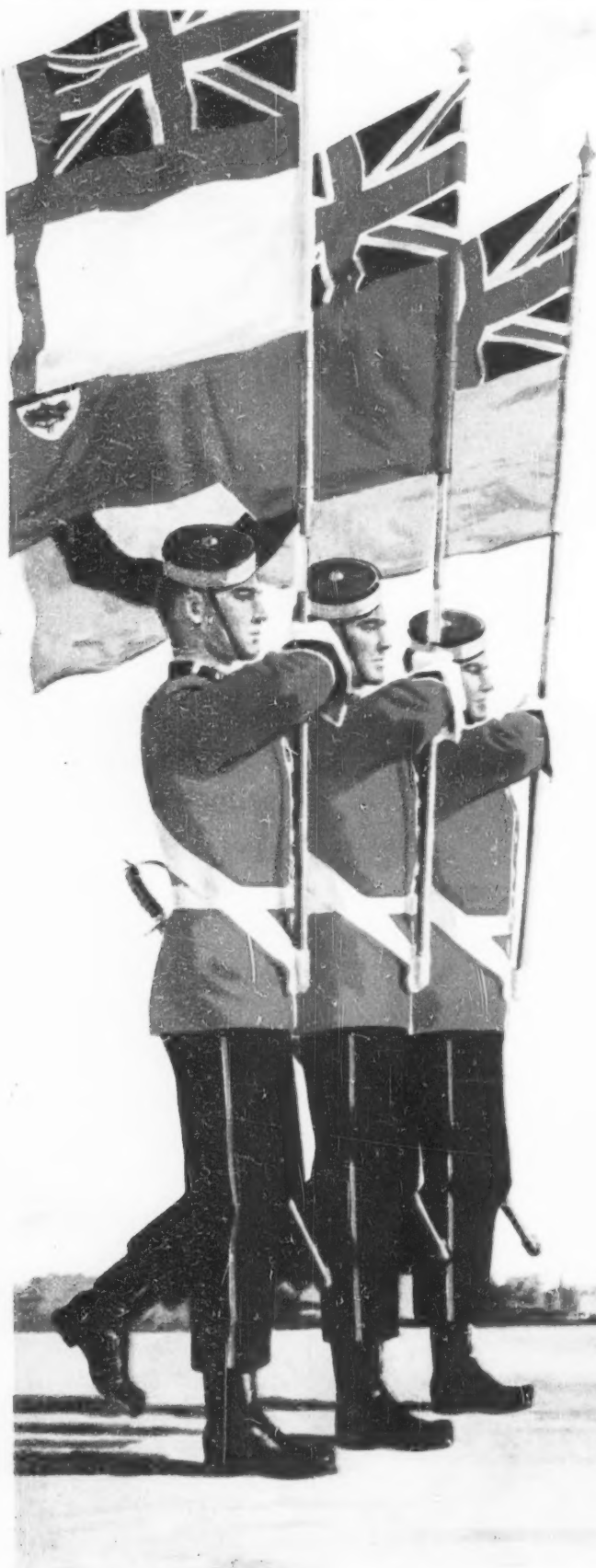
great that any amount of suffering would seem preferable. Perhaps then the individual has the right to suffer and postpone a little the final reckoning.

If all the medical aid we offer to the aged who are incurably ill is sedation, is this very different from euthanasia? The answer is yes, it is different, for euthanasia means *bringing about* death, gently but inexorably. The withholding of essentially futile operations and other harrowing treatments cannot conceivably be a sin of commission, nor is it, in my opinion, even a sin of omission. The question of euthanasia arises only when active steps are taken to bring on a death. It is however a problem to be faced, and in specific situations.

If a person is in the terminal stages of cancer, under such heavy sedation to reduce the pain that little consciousness remains, and that little consciousness is aware only of pain, the question is whether it is morally and ethically justifiable to administer so much sedation that not only is the pain killed but also the person. Of course it is! And it is practised, though never admitted, more often than we know. But what about the human vegetables, those unfortunates who have suffered cerebral haemorrhage to the extent of total paralysis and often uncon-

sciousness? Should they be fed through their veins until some further misfortune intervenes to kill them, or should they be allowed to die as they would have done until fifty years ago? If the latter, what then? If there is no chance of recovery, then I say that nature should be allowed to take its course and that the question does not arise, that keeping mindless flesh alive is indecent and uncalled for. More than this I do not suggest: that suffering of the aged be not unduly prolonged, by man or by nature.

As the writer of Ecclesiastes said: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted. . . ." Let us leave it that way, and let the departing spirit go in peace when the time has come. ★



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The next course commences in the fall of 1961. Applications are being accepted now.



LOVER'S LEAP



MACLEAN'S

MACLEAN'S

I dream of the meals I'll order in a few days — in fact, I'll probably settle for a dry sandwich

previous record and the chances are, after a bit in a federal joint, he'll straighten out and go back to carrying a lunchbasket. This man wouldn't know how to plan an escape nor would he have developed the specialized instincts of the hunted to stay free even if he did get out.

The professional criminal presents a different picture. He knows that even when he's legally released the cards are stacked against him. With no background, trade or training and carrying the additional burden of a lengthy record, he's going to have difficulty finding a job. Economic laws will soon dictate that he return to the one trade he knows. And a professional criminal accepts the adage that "if you're going to play you've got to pay." He knows that every time he goes on a "score" he's taking a calculated risk. The odds are completely against him. He pits his wits against a large force of men and machines with every modern device invented. He may make it the first time and the second. But every single score increases the odds against him. So he waits for the end of his time and doesn't plan an escape.

The only other time in jail that brings a prisoner a period of tension to compare with short-time is holiday time, particularly Christmas. He hears the same carols over his earphones that he heard in years on the outside. Those carols remind him of a wife, a child or someone who cared. Each year he'll lie on his bunk, listening to carols, and reviewing his shattered dreams and fading life.

Most prisons vary the day-to-day routine on Christmas — some have special meals, a concert and maybe some form of Christmas bag. One prison I remember had no Christmas arrangements at all and when a few of us approached the administration with the idea that those of us with money contribute to special baskets for all, we were refused. The administration made only one concession to the holiday season. At ten o'clock Christmas morning we were put on parade and each of us was handed one orange. Almost every con in our corridor gave his orange

to an old-timer who was doing twenty years and was sick. The smell of the oranges from his cell used to drive us to distraction but none of us would admit to a craving for what we'd given away.

That was the toughest Christmas I've spent inside but even in the more humanely run prisons, on Christmas or any other day, life is bleak enough to be a strain on the man who's got short-time.

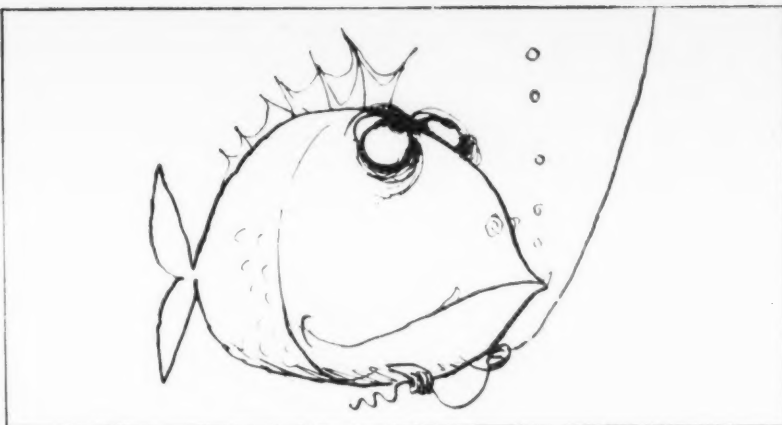
I walk along the line and take the same food I did yesterday and last month and last year. Back in my cell I eat it while I dream of meals I'm going to have in just a few more days. The years passed so quickly but these days drag by. As I push away my tray I feel that I never will eat my special meal. In fact, I'll probably settle for a dry sandwich in wax paper bought from a newsy on the train taking me back.

These are the physical things I think about. The clothes I'll wear, the self-conscious way I'll wear them, the uncertainty in crowds. I won't have a cell, a limbo to retreat to. I'll be walking down the streets with people who are hurrying and jostling to go some place. I've got to be going some place, somewhere, to someone. You can't stand on a corner forever. There's no one in the crowds to pay attention to the bewildered. I'm bewildered. I have no purpose.

And that's what horrifies me. I know in my heart that I can't go back. But what am I going forward to? I've lived too long on suspense. My nerves have been taut for too many years and I mustn't go back. Behind me is nothing, and there is nothing I can see in front. It's terrifying.

The reformers would say I've reformed but neither they nor the jails had anything to do with it. It's a matter of self-preservation. If I return once more my life is finished; I'll be permanently hooked to crime and no amount of self-preservation will be able to save me.

I read in the papers of unemployment and that'll make it harder. Suppose I walked into your office and asked for a job. What would your reaction be? All right, I've got some qualification in my



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

In the beginning it was a question of who ate whom. For a while it must have been touch and go whether man went fishing or fish went manning. Looking around we assume man won out.

At first man competed with earth's other creatures today men compete with other men to develop nature's energy sources. In the process our standard of living has sky-rocketed.

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"Lady of the house in?"

"That's Lady."

field. But I've also got a past, a *real* past with a long record. If there's a choice between me and a man with an honest background you'd be a fool to take me. I know that.

It isn't a matter of sympathy. It's a matter of equality. I don't want to be treated like an ex-con; I don't want to be either pampered or slighted. I want an opportunity for equal work and equal money. A smattering of equality goes a long way.

Just a few more days and I'll be faced with the biggest decision of my life. If I don't get the breaks, how will I react? Will I go back to getting it the easy way? If I do I know that the percentages are against me, I'll be back.

Well, I've had my picture taken and I've been fitted for a suit. The last act of the drama is about to be played. They'll send that picture to different police forces so they'll know me. I wonder if they'll also note the color of my suit? They'll talk to me here and want to know what I plan to do, but what can I tell them? So far all I know is I'm going out. I can't

go to a small town because I'd be too obvious. It's got to be a city so I can be just another anonymous face.

I often wonder if it wouldn't make a tremendous difference if there was someone special waiting for every guy who walks out of here. I don't know. There isn't anyone waiting out there for me. I've got some dreams. But they're dreams I lived in jail and they're worn out now.

I don't want to come back. I've done enough time and I want to find a few moments of peace. I've lived too long like an animal. After living like this for years you develop a sixth sense, to danger. You can feel it as a physical fact. But I don't want to go through the rest of my life depending on my sixth sense and intuition. I want to walk down the street as a free man and that won't come overnight. I mustn't be too eager to jump and I mustn't be too suspicious of those around me.

Perhaps I'm wrong but I see a lot of injustices in your world just as there are in mine. I know there isn't a hell of a lot of graciousness and co-operation in jail. But

that still doesn't mean your world is all peaches and cream. When I think how our country treats the aged and infirm I sicken with disgust.

But there's no use getting excited about such problems as that. Not now, anyway. I've got my own private war to fight. Who was it that said a man must do three things in life — read a book, plant a tree and have a son? I've read a book. In fact I've read thousands in the weary years that have passed. But I have yet to plant a tree. And wouldn't it be a marvelous thing to watch a son grow up?

Well, it's over. The gates will open and I'll walk into freedom. But it's not that simple. Even if I don't come back there will never be a moment for the rest of my life that I will be truly free. Sometimes, when there's a knock on the door, I know my heart will rise up and I'll get a taste of past fear in my mouth. No matter how many years pass I'll still live with my fears.

And I'll carry my enemies alongside of me, for I'll be my own worst enemy. Before I smile, before I talk, before I act,

I'll have to think twice. Every word and gesture for the rest of my life will have to be balanced against the past and the future.

Somewhere in this world there must be one place for me. I don't ask for much. I want a place removed from bestiality and terror. I want to be able to look at the stars and not see them as patterned dots through a web of steel. I want to feel the wind on my face in the morning.

I know I shall be lonely. There'll be nights when I'll feel like the last man on earth but I must not let that get me. I must pass up the excitement of living under the poised sword. I must accept the world for what it is, for I can't change it.

Jail didn't change me. At least, not for the better. Jail never creates anything good. A man walks into penitentiary and the only thing he has left is his own sense of right. They can strip him of pleasures and comforts but they cannot strip him of his thoughts. Locking a man within four walls will never be a solution to a social problem. The only thing jail creates is hatred. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

Communism, by a sublime irony, is teaching us our own doctrine of fruitful competition

cision now without waiting for a crisis to bring us to our senses.

Now is the right moment. A new administration is taking power in Washington, one known to be sympathetic to this bold approach. Not since the early days of Franklin D. Roosevelt have the chances been so good that a strong initiative from Canada would get a friendly rejoinder. Indeed, the initiative may come from the United States—but if it does, will it get a friendly rejoinder in Ottawa?

Wherever I have discussed such a project with responsible statesmen and officials—in London, Bonn, Washington and Ottawa—it has been accepted as a remote ideal but certain "insuperable" objections have been raised against it. All of them, I believe, are false or, if not false, are at any rate not insuperable.

First, it is said that when Britain and its partners of the European free-trade area (the Seven) refuse even to join the Six of the Common Market, what hope is there for any larger grouping?

Actually, as everyone in London realizes, the Seven will be compelled later on to make a deal of some sort with the Six, despite the Canadian government's haunting fear of the resulting effects on our overseas exports. Britain simply must have full access to the Common Market, the fastest-growing trade grouping in the world. The only questions are: When will this junction occur, on what terms, and with what damage to Canada?

Most British statesmen are naturally reticent about a delicate problem touching the overseas Commonwealth nations so vitally. They foresee several years of quiet bargaining on terms before the deal is completed.

Ludwig Erhard, a blunter man, told me that an accommodation between the Six and the Seven was an "absolute necessity." He agreed that Britain could enter the Common Market without surrendering its preferential tariff system in favor of the overseas Commonwealth nations like Canada. He also proposed, as a second stage, the creation of a general North Atlantic market that would

include Canada and the United States.

All the immense technical difficulties before this scheme, he said, could be negotiated. There was lacking only "the political will." And no one knows better than Erhard that even the opulent Six cannot long continue in opulence unless they find more elbow room and outlet for their bursting energies in much wider trading arrangements.

The second argument for doing nothing is that any reduction in the tariffs of the North Atlantic nations would embarrass some of their less efficient industries. Of course it would. The same thing happened to some of the industries of the Six when the tariffs between them started to fall.

But the proof of this bitter pudding was in the eating. Compelled to compete as never before, to modernize their methods, increase their productivity, concentrate on their specialties and sell in a broadened market of nearly two hun-

dred million people, the industries of the Six were soon so prosperous that British and American capitalists poured investments into them and unemployment virtually disappeared.

All this happened because the Six began to produce the goods that each was best fitted to produce. Together they are reaping the advantages of specialization, efficiency, lower costs and greater collective wealth.

It will take some ten years to eliminate the remaining internal tariffs of the Six but already we see here not a textbook theory in the value of freer trade but a practical proof. The theory has become a working fact among one group of prosperous nations but the group is too small for the purposes of the North Atlantic. Standing alone, it can damage the whole community by using a common external tariff to discriminate against all outsiders. Canada in particular, as Donald Fleming, our minister of finance, says.

The third argument for inaction is that a North Atlantic free-trade area, by definition, would discriminate in its commerce against the rest of the world, would gravely injure such non-members as India, Australia, Japan, Latin America and many others, would play havoc with the alliance of the free world and probably destroy it. As thus stated, the argument is valid, for the states of the North Atlantic assuredly cannot afford to undermine their distant friends. But this is a mis-statement of the whole proposition.

To begin with, no one is proposing an economic system precisely like that of the European Common Market. You cannot extend across the Atlantic the exact methods used among the adjoining and interdependent Six. Just as within the Six themselves the theory of free trade is cut through with many exceptions and contradictions (in the field of agriculture, for instance), so there can be no strict logic or consistency in a larger trade area. The logic choppers would have wrecked the Common Market at the start.

For similar reasons the North Atlantic nations cannot suddenly eliminate

their tariffs. But they can agree to reduce them, by gradual stages, as the Six are doing, and give their industries plenty of time to readjust themselves to new conditions and wider opportunities. Besides, the Six have found that it is not so much the actual tariff reduction already made as the promise of much freer trade in the future that has forced the rationalization of industry, produced new wealth and attracted foreign investors.

If the North Atlantic region agreed to adopt the general principles of the Six it would vary them to suit its different needs. Also, it must open its club of gradually falling tariffs to any outsiders who care to accept the rules. Those rules would have to be flexible, pragmatic and enforced with reasonable latitude, as they now are within the Six. Any number of practical compromises and workable arrangements can be made if, as Erhard says, we have the will to make them.

It doesn't matter much how we escape from the jungle of technicalities, what organization we use or whether we can see all the road ahead. For the problem is not basically technical at all, not a dispute of methods, not the obsolete classic contest of Free Trade versus Protection, and certainly not the partisan charade of slogans that usually serves for debate in the Western parliaments.

Instead, we face here mainly a psychological test, a crisis of will. The sovereign question, as Erhard told me, is whether the North Atlantic peoples have the will to rationalize their business, to increase their trade, to direct their investments to the right places, to take care of the underdeveloped nations overseas and, by coherence in place of chaos, to make their total economy grow again.

Nothing less can meet the challenge of communism, which, by a sublime irony, is beginning—and only beginning—to teach us our own doctrine of fruitful competition.

We can grow in wealth, power and freedom if the North Atlantic community is built into something more than a name and a politician's platitude. Not otherwise. ★

Straights among the suds

Who says men are becoming less masculine, just because they're taking over the housework? The Victoria Colonist reports seeing four fellows rendezvous



in a coin-operated laundry, stuff the family wash in four machines, then settle back for a game of poker.

The man who invented

Ted Allan

Continued from page 13

Burns' birthday—that always pleased me," he said. "We lived on Cadieux Street. Cadieux means 'Here is God'. It was the centre of the red-light district. God wasn't around."

His first published story (in *New Frontier*, 1937, a left-wing Canadian journal of high literary standard that ceased publication the same year) told of his growing up on this street, running with a gang of young thieves. Some of them went on to the penitentiary. The same slums bred not only crooks but also fellow writers Reuben Ship (*The Investigator*) and Mordecai Richler (*The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*). Today they move in the same emigré circles in London, having graduated into the less risky medium of show business.

Allan's father was a tailor, a toymaker, a storekeeper. His maternal grandfather was a rag peddler who drove an ancient horse. In *Lies My Father Told Me*, Allan (in the person of the narrator) describes how his grandfather sent him to bargain with customers. How well he learned his lessons, the fate of his memorable short story may illustrate. Not only has it been made into a film—it has also appeared in an anthology (*Canadian Short Stories*, Weaver and James, 1952), it has been a half-hour radio play, a stage play, an hour-long television play. Allan does not tire of his themes as most writers do. Like a painter he returns to the same material again and again, as if there were still some secret in it that he seeks to unlock. He is driven at the same time by the thrift of the rag peddler for whom no shirt is too worn to be made over. Fellow writers envy him the extra dollars he wrings from his material. They like to tell how a box of Allan's old scripts was badly damaged by flood waters in a North York basement during Hurricane Hazel in 1954. Allan stormed round Toronto swearing he would sue the township for twenty thousand dollars. A television producer commented wryly, "I knew Ted would find another way to milk those scripts."

"My mother was a fabulous, dynamic person," he told me, "I've been obsessed with my mother all my life." She died late in 1960, but lives on with unquenchable vitality in much of her son's writing. "She was a bit of a monster," he reflected, "a great actor, a clown." Once, having spent a day with her in New York, Allan came home and wrote down a straightforward account of their day. Next morning his mother found the script lying on the kitchen table. She began to read.

"This is a story?" she exclaimed in disgust. "This is exactly what we did yesterday! For this they pay you?" When *The New Yorker* published it under the title *Looking for Bessie* the mother handed out copies to friends enquiring about her New York trip. She is vividly present as Miriam in *The Secret of the World*, clowning in the midst of horrible disasters and carrying on a running argument with God.

But the strongest influence on Allan's life was not his mother. It was his father's periodic attacks of deep depression. Herman suffered his first serious attack when

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The boy, the dog, and the bus, not to mention the barren snowscape, are probably pictured in finer detail in Alex Colville's cover painting than they would be in a photograph of the same scene. This is true of most of Colville's paintings, whether of people, animals, or trees, his most common subjects.

Colville's paintings (egg tempera on board, not oils on canvas) bring as much as \$2,000 each; he is almost certainly the most successful of the Canadian painters who draw what other people see. When Colville, who is 40, is not painting, he is teaching painting at Mount Allison University at Sackville, N.B.



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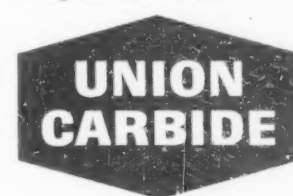
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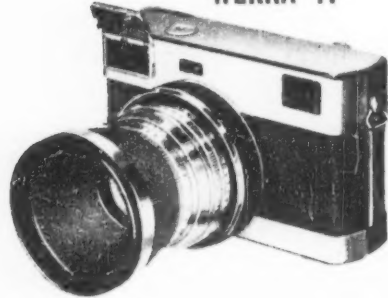


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"As he grows older," a friend observes, "his women friends grow younger"

his son was four. "I always thought of my father's illness," Allan said, frowning, "as the reflection of an insane society." In *The Secret of the World*, this is a major theme, one that is made to take on almost cosmic significance. To young Allan it was one of many influences that made him, in those days of poverty and evictions, an atheist and a Communist. It was the Young Communists who introduced him to the life of culture and art, reading Shakespeare and listening to records of Beethoven in their murky meeting halls under the clubs of the police. "You are the future!" they said.

His father's example made the boy afraid for his own sanity. He began to write in order to make sense of his inner world; to fight against fascism and social injustice in order to contain the madness of the outer world. To go insane was to give in. He learned his mother's trick of turning horrors aside with a joke, an ancestral stratagem evolved in the ghettos of eastern Europe.

Inevitably he found his way to Spain. "The future of the world was being decided there. Dos Passos was there, Martha Gellhorn, Hemingway — everyone except Shakespeare," Hugh Garner, who fought with the Abraham Lincoln Battalion of the Loyalists' International Brigade, remembers seeing Allan in Madrid. He was sitting at a café table on the Gran Via with a woman. She was Josephine Herbst, the novelist, at that time nearly forty as against Allan's twenty. ("As he grows older," a woman friend recently observed, "his women friends grow younger.") Allan broadcast reports of the fighting to North America, wrote articles, interviewed Hemingway for *New Frontier*.

In Spain, too, he had the love affair recorded so faithfully in his novel *This Time a Better Earth*, published in 1939. ("My next," he told me, repeating what was obviously a favorite joke, "will be called *This Time a Better Book*.") Deeply in debt to Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, the novel has nevertheless an attractive exuberance and youthful charm. The girl (she is called Lisa in the novel) was killed at his side by a runaway tank that also injured Allan's right leg. He still wears an elastic bandage. The most terrible thing about the experience was that he felt nothing. "I hated myself for that. Here this girl I loved was killed beside me and I felt nothing." Twenty years later, he wept over it for three days.

He worked with the Canadian surgeon Norman Bethune, who became his hero — and for whom his only son is named. Internationally famous for his operative techniques in thoracic surgery, Bethune had abandoned this career to organize blood transfusions in Spain. Later he lent his skill to Mao Tse-tung and his guerrillas in China. In 1939 Bethune died there of septicemia contracted while operating without gloves. Today Communist China reveres him as a martyr.

Allan's first article about Bethune was published in *New Frontier* in 1937. The biography, however, was not completed till 1952, and then only with the assistance of Sydney Gordon. "He took the whole thing and rewrote it—he did a wonderful job," Allan assured me, though I sensed that some ancient hatchet was being reluctantly buried. I asked what had happened to Gordon. "Oh, he's living in East Germany I guess," was the indifferent reply.

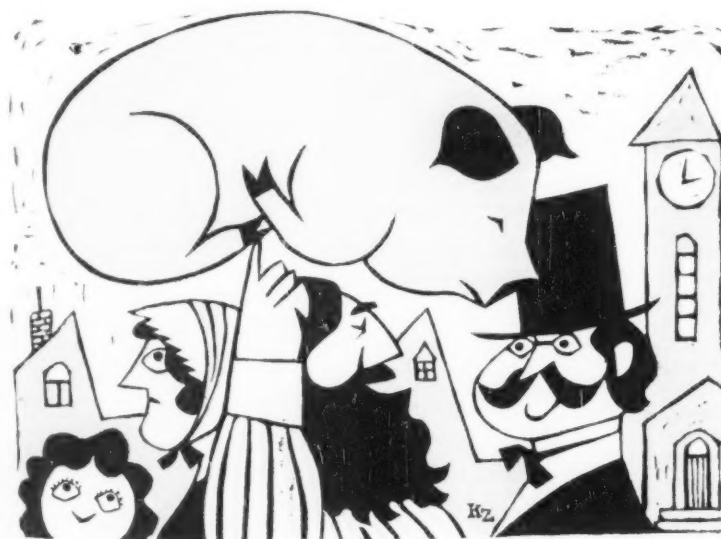
The Scalpel, the Sword was surprisingly well reviewed in the United States, considering the political climate of 1952. "Sympathetic to both its hero and his

beliefs," said *The New Yorker*. "but it is no tract." Most reviewers were able to persuade themselves that, had he lived, Bethune would have become disillusioned with communism. The biography had the appeal of all such books about saintly doctors for Walter Mitty dreamers: it was disfigured only by the noisy slogans, so dear to the socialist mind, that echo queerly through its pages: "Long Live the Canadian Blood Service!" and the like. At home the *Canadian Forum* greeted it with

a lonely raspberry. "One look," wrote Dr. Jacob Markowitz in a letter to the editor, "shows that it was obviously written to bolster up communism. . . . No, I won't review the book."

Before using it in the biography, Allan had not allowed the Bethune material to lie fallow. In 1945 he managed to sell an outline of the story to Darryl Zanuck for \$25,000. The film was never made. Then he wrote it into an article for *Maclean's*—paid for but never printed.

CANADIAN ECDOTE



The short career of the Peterborough strongman

If you can believe the old newspaper accounts and the tales they still tell around Peterborough, Ont., the world's weightlifting record should belong not to Paul Anderson of the U.S., who hoisted 418 pounds over his head on the Ed Sullivan Show not long ago, but to a storekeeper named Daniel MacDonald, who lived in Peterborough in the middle of the last century. MacDonald arrived in Peterborough from Scotland in 1856 as a lad of eighteen and lived there for fifteen years — until the day he overrated his incredible strength.

A Peterborough newspaper reported his lifting a five-hundred-pound pig (presumably dead) over his head in Market Square. In another impromptu demonstration he picked up an eleven-hundred-pound bell intended for the dock tower and smashed the floor when he let it drop.

Witnesses found his feats especially outstanding because he was not an unusually big man. He stood five foot eight and weighed 195 pounds. Nor did he train regularly.

"He didn't have to train," says one old-timer in Peterborough. "If he were alive today, he could grab Floyd Patterson in one hand, Ingemar Johansson in the other, and braid 'em."

Another old man in Peterborough tells what happened once when his grandmother's buggy was stuck in the

mud: "MacDonald came along and unhitched the horse. Then he threw himself against the harness and pulled the buggy out."

MacDonald made his last big lift on October 27, 1871. He and some friends were in Market Square when they noticed a platform bearing four barrels of salt weighing four hundred pounds each — a total weight well over sixteen hundred pounds. While a crowd gathered, MacDonald agreed to see if he could "put daylight" under the platform.

Hunching beneath it, he placed his shoulders against the underside of the platform and heaved.

The crowd gasped with awe as MacDonald raised the load and held it in the air for the agreed ten seconds.

A cheer broke out as he dropped the platform back into place and started to walk toward his friends. Then someone noticed that his face was chalk white. MacDonald took three faltering steps and dropped dead.

His tombstone, still standing in Peterborough's Little Lake Cemetery, bears a four-line epitaph:

*Ye weak beware, here lies the strong,
a victim of his strength.
He lifted sixteen hundred pounds,
and here he lies at length.*

— THOMAS P. KELLEY

PARADE

One owner?

There may not be anything remarkable in finding a wedding dress and two shotguns all offered for sale in the same classified ad, as occurred recently in the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, but included in the job lot was one "Stradivarius violin like new."

Back in New York in 1939 he married Kate Schwartz of Boston, whose husband John Lenthier had been killed in February 1937 on the Jarama front in Spain. After a year of radio work in Mexico Allan and his wife returned to the United States. He had left the Communist party. "An artist is an individual and must remain so. As a writer I could not enthusiastically work for a party." In 1942 the FBI cleared him for work with the New York branch of the Office of War Information. "They asked me to name any Communists I had known," he recalled, "and I told them Stalin, Lenin, Tim Buck. . . ." In New York he worked under Dorothy Van Doren. "He was an experienced and capable newsman when he worked with us," she wrote me recently, "and an agreeable man to work with, friendly, sensible and hardworking. We had to make many demands on the staff and we all worked long hours, but he was quite willing to undertake whatever was asked of him." It is a surprising tribute, witness to Allan's adaptability.

In 1946 Allan went to Hollywood to write screenplays for Columbia Pictures at \$750 a week. He worked for Leonard Goldstein, who had produced *The Egg and I*. "I adored him," he said. "He was the only honest man in Hollywood. He told me to take my \$750 a week and write a good novel. I wrote a screenplay instead that was never made." He went over to Milton Sperling at Warner Brothers, who admired his writing but not his philosophy. At Warners he raised output and income to two screenplays at \$1,000 a week, but again his work was shelved. The period of McCarthyism was drawing near in Hollywood, and Allan began to feel uncomfortable.

A visit to Spain in 1947 ended in his collapse with typhoid. He had seen the misery of Loyalist prisoners, the refugees in Toulouse dying of tuberculosis. "Back in New York I knew I was dying. I had not done what I wanted to do. If I lived I would finish the Bethune book. I would write plays." He recovered. Sperling called him to Hollywood to renew his contract.

"Ted my boy!" Sperling greeted him. "I have just the thing for you to write—a western!" Allan heard him in a daze. "Go up to my ranch and get well!" He walked through the studio with its lights and cameras, past workmen carrying scenery. Spain seemed as remote as a dream. He left for New York at once.

And now the FBI began to badger him. He possessed only a transit visa. In 1948 he was asked to leave the U. S.

His Hollywood period is reflected in the play variously entitled as *The Money-makers* and *The Ghost Writers*, first performed in 1952 by Toronto's Jupiter Theatre, now defunct. In this play about the movie industry during the McCarthy era, the good guys are all liberal-minded Canadians and rather too good to be engaging. One character bears more than a slight resemblance to Allan himself. Like Allan he is thoroughly likeable. He is described in a stage direction as "dynamic"—a word not infrequently applied to his creator.

Home in Canada Allan settled in To-

ronto with his wife, son and daughter. He was soon cutting a swath through the CBC, shedding ideas so profusely that he could not realize half of them. "I was happy," he told me. "I learned my trade as a playwright with Andrew Allan and Esse Ljungh and Marjorie McEnaney."

These CBC producers recall that he found it hard to come to terms with his typewriter. "It was hedge, ditch and gate with Ted," says Andrew Allan. He wrote, as always, in a white heat of enthusiasm, found revision and repair of his plays difficult. Most writers prefer almost anything to writing and Allan, no exception, still has to lock himself up when he finds he can no longer avoid the lonely hours with a typewriter.

They recall too that he believed in being well paid for his work. He would bully and bluster where he thought it might work. Marjorie McEnaney vividly remembers his outbursts with her. "He seemed to feel—and certainly he made me feel—that I stood between him and the public purse. He felt the money was his by right as an artist. Once he exploded: 'You're such a little cheese—you don't know what it is to live decently!'" With Esse Ljungh he gave less trouble. "Give him your little finger," said Ljungh serenely, "and he would take your whole hand. But as soon as he knew you meant business he was fine."

This happy period came to an end early in 1954 when Allan's *The Legend of the Baskets* (alias *Legend of Paradise*), a comedy that had been performed twice without protest on radio, was rejected by the sponsor during rehearsal for General Motors Theatre on television. It made fun of mass production. "The time had come to move," said Ted Allan.

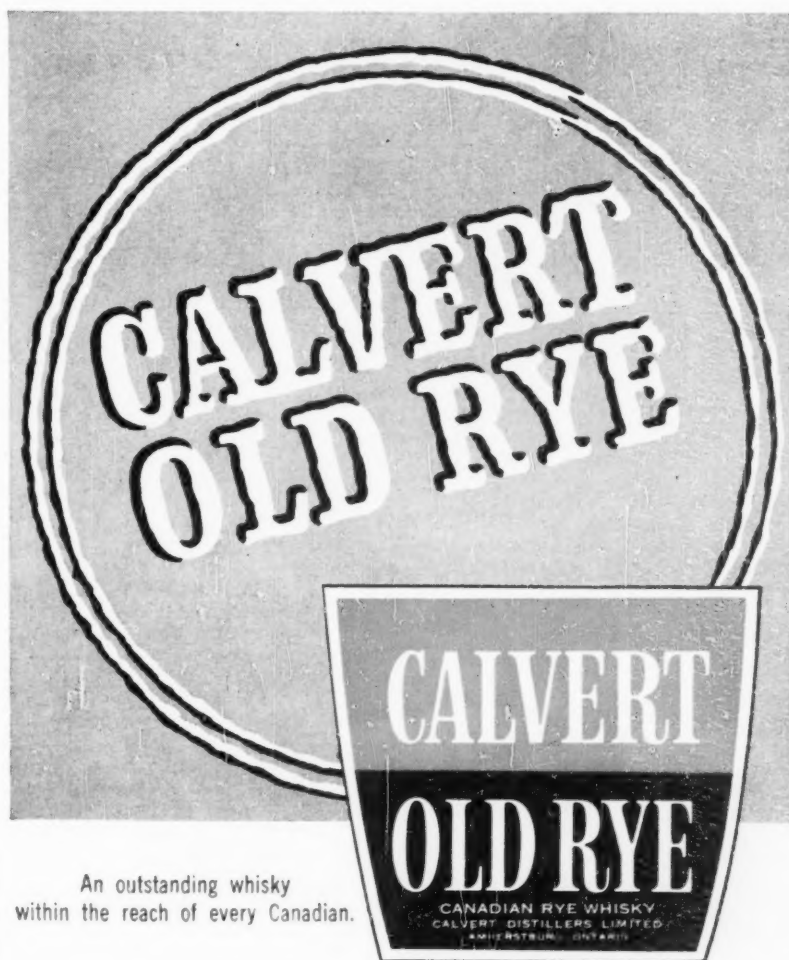
In London Allan has acquired many of the trappings of success—a separation, a psychiatrist, money. He's generous with other Canadian writers who come to town. Mordecai Richler told me recently, "Ted wouldn't ask you whether you liked Ibsen's plays, the way most people do here in Toronto. He'd ask whether you needed money or food or a bed. And he'd fix you up. If he had no money himself he'd go out and borrow it." When Richler first arrived in London he was on the point of starving. Allan went out and insisted that one of the television companies give Richler a story to adapt. He came back almost immediately with a cheque for £300. "I'd never seen so much money," Richler recalled, "and he could have got it for himself. He needed it then."

As for the psychiatrist, when a friend asked Allan whether analysis had done any good he replied at once, "I have positive proof that it does good. The analyst has bought a new house, a new car. . . ."

Much of the time he feels himself driven by an irrepressible joy; he wants nothing more than to go on working, to go on discovering himself. Meanwhile, as always, there are plans and schemes to be thought of, agents and producers to be convinced. In the immediate offing are a musical set in China, *The Wise Judge*; a musical version of the radio fantasy *Willie the Squowse* (rebroadcast by CBC in January); a translation of *Gog et Magog* back into English (The French version was an improvement), and a novel, *The Minstrel Boy* ("It's a mess, just a first draft").

And for relaxation there is the career as an actor. "Adulation for nothing," cried Allan. "It's a lot of crap! Joan Littlewood persuaded me to let her train me and I was an overnight success. And for nothing! Acting is not a great art." After a moment's thought he brightened. "Of course the fees are fabulous. . . ." ★

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LATIN AMERICA: THE REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN



In Venezuela, housing for peasants: One of the pressing problems of many Latin American countries is the shortage of housing. In Venezuela, more

than half the population lives in hovels like the rancho above. Through a government program, the farmers are being helped to a better life. It's a do-it-yourself plan,

in which the peasants are first taught how to make the blocks that will be used in building houses like the one occupied by the former mud-hut dwellers below.





This Venezuelan farmer, who with his family occupies the thatched rancho in the background, is making the blocks he'll use when he starts to build his new home. Below, a typical house completed under the program; the floors of earth are paved.



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Latin America: the revolution has begun continued from page 9

The poor are unwilling to starve any more; they want action right away

and mansions. Scores of millions of them who have always been on the edge of starvation are unwilling to starve any more. The fifty percent or more who are illiterate want to read and write. They want real floors in their houses, not just earth, and they want electricity, and plumbing, and glass in their windows; they want schools for their children; they want hospitals for their sick. They want doctors and dentists. And they want them now, right away, not ten or fifteen years from now.

Betancourt's dilemma in Venezuela is that he believes in law and order, but the Venezuelans may not give him time to solve the problems he faces by legal and orderly means. On the ridges around Caracas, for example, three hundred thousand poor live in shacks they threw up themselves with branches, mud, packing cases, strips of tin. They have no water except what they haul by the pail, no sanitary facilities of any kind. The bare-foot children, tramping on human excrement, pick up worms through the soles of their feet — and often die from them. Their average life expectancy is only thirty-five years, because of hunger and disease, compared with a Canadian and U.S. average of nearly seventy years. All these awful shacks on the ridges look, to a Canadian, like dirty snow about to melt and pour down on Caracas, a city of more than a million.

The shacks got there, in the first place, because Pérez Jiménez, the dictator, was spending most of Venezuela's revenue creating monuments for himself in the capital — a racetrack, a luxury hotel on a mountain, broad boulevards, an army club, public buildings, squares. The pathetic peasants in outlying regions heard there was work to be had in Caracas and flocked in, threw up the shacks and stayed. The work was largely a myth. Caracas, heaven knows why, is perhaps the most expensive city on earth to live in — so much so that diplomats assigned to posts there receive far larger allowances than they receive elsewhere. Yet in this most expensive city there are men who work, and gladly, for less than two dollars a day, so scarce are jobs.

Betancourt is attempting to move the peasants out of Caracas, back to the land. He's attempting to distribute wealth more evenly. He's attempting to pay off the burden of debt left by Pérez Jiménez, who, when he was chased out of Venezuela by a military junta in 1958, escaped with a substantial chunk of the treasury. But will he have time, moving as he is along constitutional lines? I wouldn't try to guess. Betancourt himself doesn't know.

Already, as the student uprising showed, and as the signs carried by demonstrators stated, Venezuelans are looking toward Cuba for ideas. Perhaps for leadership. So are the people of the biggest and most powerful country of South America, Brazil. It was significant that Janio Quadros, a presidential aspirant in Brazil, visited Cuba early in 1960 and afterwards announced publicly that Brazil had many problems like those of Cuba. Later, he was elected Brazilian president by a landslide. Will he espouse *Fidelismo*, as Castro's political philosophy is called in Latin America? He might. Brazil is in serious difficulties, with a runaway inflation and all the human hardship that involves. Quadros could decide that a Castro-type dictatorship would enable him

to control his country's economy and stop inflation.

Meanwhile there are stirrings in Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Panama, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, a dozen other countries most of us dimly remember from school geography books. Dr. Ernesto Guevara, the 32-year-old physician from Argentina who is Castro's right-hand man, once said Cuba was the first chapter in the story of the Latin American revolution, with nineteen other chapters to follow. The signs visible today make it appear that he may, just possibly, have been right.

Why has the Cuban revolution so gripped the imagination of the Latin American masses? I asked scores of people in Latin America that question. Among them were members of governments, diplomats, journalists, taxi drivers, schoolteachers, waiters, farmers, housewives, bankers,

corporations, and, worse still, that the people of the U.S. look down on Latin Americans and regard them as second-class citizens. I don't know whether the Latins are justified in feeling as they do, but it is pretty evident that Castro became even more their hero when he thumbed his nose at Washington and seized U.S. holdings in Cuba worth maybe a billion and a half dollars.

On top of this there was the incredible derring-do of Castro and his bewhiskered men of the Sierra Maestra — something that strongly appealed to romantic Latin Americans, who are born hero-worshippers. Then, too, Castro himself was and is a remarkable orator and a master propagandist, and he fought a fight that might have been the fight of nine Latin Americans out of ten. To do this he gave up a personal fortune (not a very large one, it's true) and an established position, went to prison, went into exile, returned to his native land at great risk and finally defeated a notorious butcher, Batista.

Then there were, of course, the Communists, the "damn Communists," the "dirty Communists," the "bloody Communists." Most Latin American countries have had quite a scattering of Communists for the last thirty or forty years. As the leader of a successful struggle of the have-nots against the haves, Castro was automatically their idol and the idol of all the leftist political groups with a Communist core. They have been loudly beating the drums for the Cuban revolution.

Even some anti-revolutionists give Castro grudging praise. "I hate the rat," a Venezuelan newspaper editor told me, "but he's been a good thing for Latin America. You can't close your eyes to that. He has awakened Latin America to the fact that we must have reforms, and he has awakened the U.S. to the fact that it has been ignoring its own backyard while it has been spending millions in Europe and the Far East."

The editor said, too, that Castro had given the Latin American masses hope — a quality they lacked before. Hope for what? For chaos? For police suppression? For national bankruptcy? Or for a better life? In Cuba I tried to find that out. There isn't an easy answer.

Cuba's newspapers, television stations and radio stations are all controlled now. They tell the people exactly what Castro wants the people to be told — no more, no less. One newspaper, *Informacion*, gave honest news reports until December. It did this by dropping its editorial page and using only dispatches from U.S. press services. But that could last only so long.

On every hand, I met people whose property had been grabbed by the state. A man who owned two houses had one of them intervened, or seized, and a man with a duplex had half of it intervened. The government had got around to seizing all the bigger businesses, including a hundred and fifty or so owned by U.S. citizens, and seemed to be getting down to the little businesses too. Wherever I went, I saw long lineups — Cubans waiting, waiting, waiting to clear some transaction or other with some government flunky.

Armed police were everywhere, and armed soldiers, and in Havana, when I managed to convince a Cuban he could trust me, I invariably got a whispered report of people being whisked from their

Hairpiece

Squeezing past a striking young woman on a crowded Vancouver bus, a male passenger was wonder-struck by the cunning feminine engineering that must be involved in her magnificent

GOSH! THAT GORGEOUS CREATURE'S FOLLOWING ME?



beehive hairdo. It was quite a letdown when gasps from other passengers warned him, just as he was about to climb off at his stop, that he had the beehive neatly impaled on the spike of his rolled-up umbrella.

businessmen. Some of them said, with an air of finality, that the Communists were behind it all. (They usually said "damn Communists" or "dirty Communists" or "bloody Communists.") The rest replied more thoughtfully.

I think, from what they told me, that the Cuban revolution has had a widespread impact because it came at a time when there was already great unrest everywhere in Latin America, and because it was different from other Latin American revolutions, with the possible exception of the revolution that began fifty years ago in Mexico. The other "revolutions" have simply been struggles for power between privileged groups with no bearing on the fate of the poor, who continued to be as poor as ever, no matter who won. The Cuban revolution is a class struggle — landless against landed, pauper against aristocrat, just as much as the French revolution was.

Then, too, the Cuban revolution came at a time when the United States was extremely unpopular in Latin America. The Latins, as far as I could learn, feel that the Truman and Eisenhower administrations let the Good Neighbor policy of the Roosevelt administration wither and die, that nobody since Roosevelt has given a hang about them, that such goodwill tours as Nixon's have been insincere and patronizing, that their natural resources have been ruthlessly exploited by U.S.



Where military aid goes in Latin America — to the dictators' political police

In Havana's beautiful civic plaza just after the turn of the year, Fidel Castro put on his own miniature version of those familiar parades the Russians hold annually in Moscow's Red Square to display their military might. His troops rumbled through the plaza with fifty-four heavy tanks and a large assortment of modern artillery pieces and six-barreled rocket launchers, all provided by countries within the Soviet orbit. And it's a safe bet that of the scores of thousands of Cubans who watched the show, a substantial proportion cursed rather than blessed the Russians for their beneficence. In the days of the tyrant Batista, driven from Cuba by Castro at the end of 1958, the same crowds cursed the United States for the same kind of generosity. Indeed, if the U.S. had not given Batista the weapons with which he suppressed the people for years, Cubans might not today be shouting, "Cuba si, Yanki no."

The same thing holds true for other Latin American countries that have been given military aid by the United States in the last decade — which means most Latin American countries. An army in Latin America, in ordinary circumstances, is not an army to defend a country from external threat, but an army to defend a political leader from internal threat. Latin American politicians being what they are, the political leader is quite likely to be a glorified gangster who plunders the treasury and imprisons or executes his opponents. Several gangsters like this are operating right now.

The Dominican Republic's Trujillo is a case in point. He's put most of his country in his pocket. He's been utterly ruthless with his foes. An investigating committee of the Organization of American States has charged him with responsibility for the attempted assassination of President Betancourt of Venezuela. Half a dozen murders have been unofficially laid at his door. The U.S. would presumably like to see him booted out now. Yet until comparatively recently he was receiving U.S. military aid — the weapons with which he will butcher his countrymen if they try to rid themselves

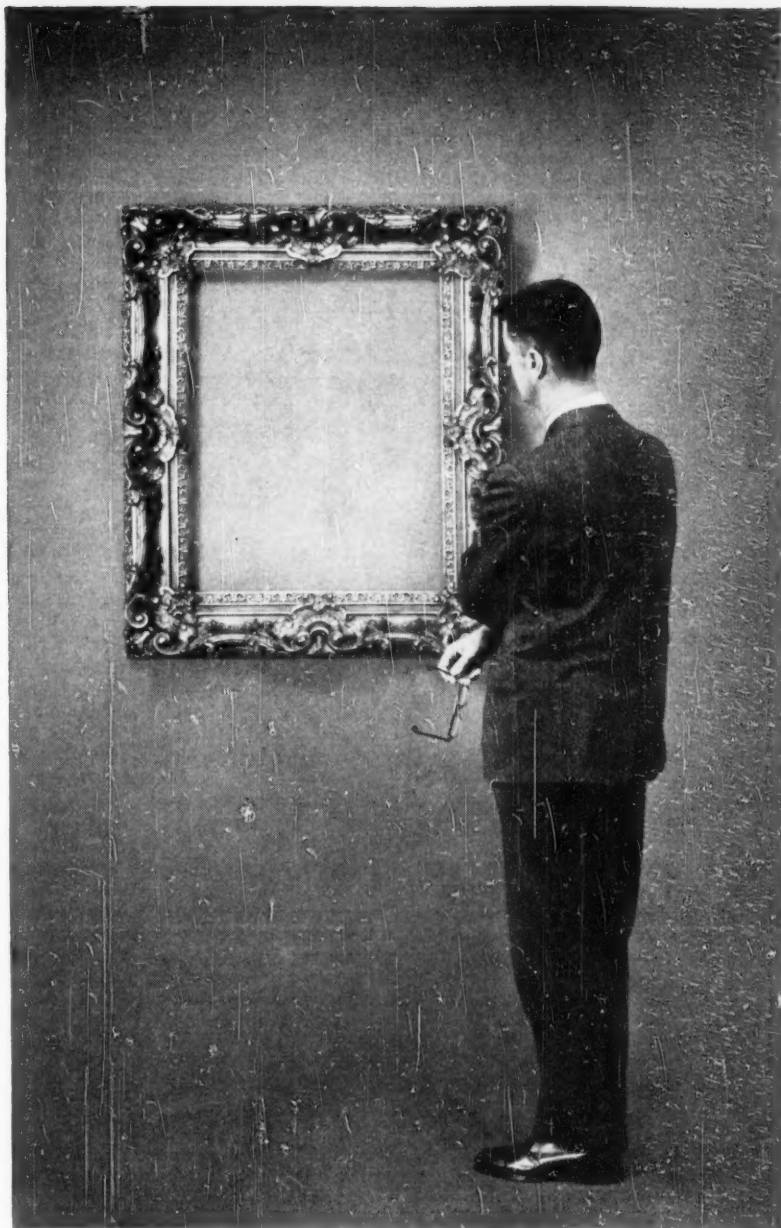
of him. And so it goes — country after country.

What do the people of these countries think? Let the answer come from Roberto Gálvez, whose father was president of Honduras from 1948 to 1954 and who was a Honduran cabinet minister himself in 1956 and 1957 but resigned because he couldn't persuade his colleagues to hold free elections. One of Latin America's young intellectuals, he almost certainly has a political future ahead of him, but at the moment he's an obscure airline executive in Miami. He says: "The Latin American army has nothing to do but become a police force under the political influence of whoever is in power. The army goes around making sure the government candidates win. The people see the guns, the uniforms, and say, 'Look who gave them those — the United States.' In the minds of the people the United States is thus associated with the man in power, and if he is a bad man the people think the United States wants to keep him in power for its own purposes."

Gálvez adds: "For a police force, you don't need tanks and the kind of weapons the United States has sent to Latin America. Surplus from World War I would be more than enough. When an army is just a police force, all it needs is a pistol or two. Tanks are too much for shooting a few poor Indians."

As Gálvez sees it, the U.S. should be offering Latin America dynamic ideas, not weapons. "We are trying to catch up with history and are too far behind," he says. "Democracy has to be the victory of the individual for his own rights but we don't put that construction on it in Latin America, because we've been pushed around in masses for too long a time. The real battle is to get every individual to believe in something. The Communists offer immediate material benefits, a better house to live in, a place to farm, and this makes the poor people feel that for the first time in history somebody is thinking of them. That is the situation that the United States and all who are against communism have to find the answer for."

— IAN SCLANDERS



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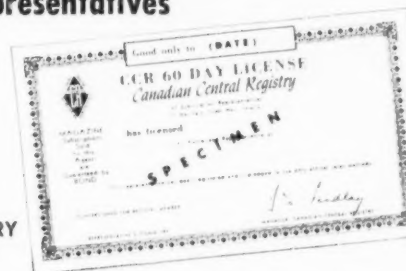
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homes and buried away in prison without trial. Reports like this are obviously impossible to verify.

The tourist trade was gone — hotels empty, taxis standing idle at the curb, nightclubs empty save for a few Cuban young bloods. Storekeepers greeted me so eagerly when I entered their shops that I sensed they were crying for customers.

Several workers claimed their pay had been cut and their working hours increased. There was, at least in Havana, a general atmosphere of gloom. This in a city ordinarily as gay as Paris, or gay.

Castro sympathizers, *Fidelistas*, even those who had been faithful Catholics all their lives, were feuding with the church now. The dirty priests, they said, had sold out to the Yankees and become counter-revolutionists.

It was evident that all was by no means perfect in Castro's Utopia. Yet against the bad side of the revolution, the tragic side if you will, I saw a lot on the good side. Higher education, in pre-Castro days, had been for the privileged few. Now Castro seemed to be doubling the size of the University of Havana about once a month. Big buildings, including high-rise apartments, were being taken over and filled with youngsters eager for knowledge. At a lower level of education, barracks were being converted into grade schools. I saw barracks alive with carpenters, plasterers and painters, and I saw barracks where the carpenters, plasterers and painters had finished their work, and dark-eyed children sat at new desks, copying sentences from new blackboards. The children were happy and clean; the teachers were happy and anxious to show me around.

At one new school in Pinar del Rio, which is a three-hour drive from Havana, there were two hundred and forty-seven pupils. They had double desks and the teachers had so arranged them that at each desk there was one Negro child and one white child. Complete integration! Although the children ranged up to fourteen years in age, many had never attended school before. In one room, kids of eight to thirteen were writing, "Mi papa tiene una vaca" — "My father has a cow." Through their teacher, I asked whether any of them knew what Europe was. None had heard of Europe. Canada? Not Canada either. That's the kind of backwoods ignorance that Castro's educational program, if it continues long enough, will eventually erase.

Then the housing. Housing conditions in Havana and elsewhere have been terrible for all but the well off. Landlords, by all accounts, have squeezed tenants for their last penny. That's gone now, for there are no more landlords, unless you count the government. And the government isn't renting the houses it has intervened or the thousands of apartment units it is building. It's selling them.

The whole scheme, like most Cuban schemes, is very involved. But if a house was built before 1940, and you have been its tenant, you continue paying what you've been paying in rent for five years; then you own it outright. If it was built between 1940 and 1950, you buy it in the same manner but it takes ten years. If it was built after 1950, the same plan applies, but you pay for twenty years before you own it.

As for the new apartment units, you pay for twenty years to own one of them. What you pay varies according to your income and number of dependents — a man with a low income and a large family might pay only twenty dollars a month, while a man with a larger income and smaller family might pay forty dollars.

I am quite aware that the apartment

units I saw were only the ones that government officials wanted me to see. But if the rest are like them at all, they're exceptionally fine shelter for people of modest income. They have up to four bedrooms, floors of tile composition, plenty of plumbing, adequate kitchens, and, at the rear little walled gardens. So far, most of the apartments are going up in an ideal location — reclaimed land by the seashore.

If the revolution has caused great gloom in many quarters in Havana, the housing program has done a lot to relieve it. The pride of people who are now buying, not renting, or who have promise of a new apartment unit, is written all over them.

Nor is the new housing confined to Havana or other cities. In rural areas, on farm co-operatives, I met people who had been transplanted from palm-thatched, mud-floored, filthy hovels to neat new bungalows — a change they couldn't even have dreamed of before the revolution. They couldn't quite believe their new surroundings but they were obviously delighted. And, on top of that, co-operative farming had increased their incomes about four hundred percent. For the first time in their lives a dentist was looking after their teeth, and a doctor had rid them of hookworms and other parasites and treated their other ills. For them, certainly, the revolution had meant a better life.

Apart altogether from the people on the co-operatives, land intervened from great estates has been distributed in small parcels to people who used to be sharecroppers and are now independent farmers, working for themselves. How many of these there are I don't know. Statistics are not Cuba's strong point, particularly today when everybody from Castro down knows that unless Cuba can move ahead at record speed the revolution will fail. But when the land reform law was passed Castro did announce that one and a half percent of Cuba's landowners held more than forty-six percent of the farmland. Some of the chief landowners were absentee owners with offices in the U.S. — a fact that accounts in part for Cuba's "Go Home Yankee" theme. The farmers who worked this land for the corporations, in many cases, lived under the meanest conditions imaginable.

Will those who had big landholdings ever be indemnified for their loss? There's a rather woolly provision for this in the land reform law, but it's doubtful. The

Cubans regard them as exploiters who have already had more than their pound of flesh. The owners of industrial plants and businesses taken over by the state stand a somewhat better chance of being reimbursed, but I doubt whether they're counting on it. The history of proletarian uprisings has seldom if ever included the reimbursement of the capitalist class. Apart from that, anybody I spoke to in Cuba was extremely vague about how Cuba is going to finance its future at all, let alone make restitution for property intervened. The deals Cuba has made with Russia, China and other Communist countries specify more barter than cash. Cuba may manage to adjust to this type of trade in time. Meanwhile there will be great creakings and groanings in the economy.

But at least it is clear how the Cubans intend to finance their housing program and their retirement pensions program. It's all to be done by the state lottery. You buy a lottery ticket and the money, all except that deducted for prizes and other expenses, goes into housing. So you get a house, and the money you pay for the house goes into a fund from which the lottery ticket, which is really a sort of old-age insurance payment, is redeemed with high interest after a period of years, provided nothing untoward happens between now and then.

But whether anything untoward happens or not, Cuba has passed the point of no return. The reforms instituted by Castro in the distribution of land, in housing, in education and in other areas may be modified in time but they've gone too far to be completely reversed. From what I could see in Cuba, the breach with the United States is also likely to be more or less permanent. Cuba is now firmly locked in the embrace of the Russians and the Chinese. The U.S. refusal either to ship Cuba badly needed goods or to buy Cuban sugar very definitely put the island into a long-term partnership with the Bear and the Dragon.

No matter what happens from now on, Cuba will never be the same. And neither will the rest of Latin America, which could easily have several revolutions, based on the Castro pattern, during the present year. U.S. aid, plus speeded-up reforms by frightened Latin American governments, may prevent such revolutions. But, if they do, a lot of the most intelligent people I talked to in Latin America will be very much surprised indeed. ★



MACLEAN'S

Belgium: the violence is racial and religious

Continued from page 10

Stinking mounds of uncollected garbage marred my impression of the Rubens statue in Antwerp

ing seven percent unemployment, from Belgium's fifteen-year postwar spree? Or, deeper and more tangled than any of these, was the outbreak but another manifestation of the jealousies, envies and fears that always lie just below the surface of this bilingual, biracial country?

A Flemish acquaintance steered me to a café table with a fine view of Antwerp's magnificent cathedral and the Rubens statue, then surrounded by stinking heaps of uncollected garbage.

"You are from Canada," he said, "so you can understand what the real trouble is here. You have two races in your country and two languages and two religions. It is basically the same, but we Flemings are the majority here. This is a Catholic country — ninety-five percent are Catholic even if maybe only forty percent go to mass regularly. Check the figures for national savings, for instance — sixty-five percent of the total is Flemish, thirty-five percent Walloon. Then check the business loans from the banks — the situation is reversed. Look at the army — sixty-six percent of the soldiers are Flemings but more than eighty percent of the officers are Walloons. Even in sport you see the same thing. Most of the big soccer clubs are in Flemish cities, but who is president of the football federation? Yes, a Walloon who can't even speak Flemish."

They're taught four languages

The speaker was a professional man in his fifties, not a politician. He speaks three languages and is probably at least competent in a couple more. In Antwerp (the Flemings call their great city Antwerpen, the Walloons call it Anvers) one can find men fluent in ten languages. Flemish high-school students are taught four — Flemish (very close to modern Dutch), French, English and German.

"You should tell Canada," the Fleming concluded, "that the true cause of Belgium's troubles is that the Walloons feel their influence is fading. They are fighting back to maintain their privilege. Of course, nobody in government can admit this."

He was dead right about one thing, at least — nobody in authority could or would admit it. Prime Minister Eyskens maintained throughout that the strikes that began on December 20 were nothing short of an attempt to overthrow his government by intimidation. He did add, though, in a New Year's Eve message to the nation, that the

troubles were exacerbating basic differences between the Flemings and Walloons, between Catholics and anti-clericals. The leaders of the Socialist party, which received thirty-five percent of the popular vote in the 1958 election and forms the official opposition, just as flatly maintained the strike was economic, pure and simple.

Trying to sift fact from fancy as the demonstrations flared and faded in the streets of Brussels, Mons, Liège, Namur, Ghent, Bruges and Antwerp, as King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola cut short their Spanish honeymoon and made their dramatic flight home, as sympathy strike action spread in other European countries — all this was difficult enough without the curious grim-gay, on-and-off mood and behavior of the strikers themselves, and the near-carnival mood of the capital, the hunting and strings of colored lights of its winter shopping festival fluttering over the marching chanting strikers. I saw three marches. In the columns were women in good-looking fur coats, children clinging to parents' hands and skipping along enjoying the shouting and occasional firecrackers, coteries of men laughing at shared jokes and (as reported to me by a photographer) in one case coming to blows in an argument over soccer. One bemused striker carried his placard wrong way round, revealing a Coca-Cola ad. As the marchers went through the Place de Bruckère, people would leap up from the café tables and run out to say hello to acquaintances.

Certainly in the early stages windows were broken by stones and some roads and railways were cut. At the head office of Sabena, Belgium's state-owned international airline, front windows carrying a huge "Fly to Canada" ad were broken. In street incidents, at least three men were killed. The first fatality electrified Brussels, but it was only indirectly related to strikers or police. A civilian onlooker, a university professor's son, is alleged to have pulled a .22 pistol and killed a house painter who was neither a striker nor even a paid-up union member but who happened to be present at a mêlée that had developed around a fallen gendarme.

Certainly the mounted police made a few charges, whacking rowdies with the flats of their blunt sabres — but only after they'd been pelted with nuts, bolts, potatoes and stones, or after marbles and ball bearings had been thrown among them to bring down their horses. In fact the tolerance of the police, and of the scattered clumps of soldiers in camouflage dress, was astonishing. Try to imagine what would happen in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver if ten thousand marchers came roaring down the main street shouting for Dieffenbaker's head, and pitching rocks through the bank and department-store windows. The Brussels police barely turned their heads when hooligans, racing at the fringes of a column, ripped down posters at the Cinéac Theatre advertising the royal wedding film, and scored a direct hit with rocks on a

The sixth wheel

Maybe Montreal should have looked to Lancaster, N.B., for experts to reorganize its police force, instead of to Europe. According to the Saint John Telegraph-Journal, Lancaster's police chief recently stated that five bicycles had been reported stolen and six had been recovered.

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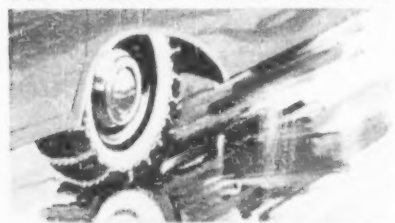
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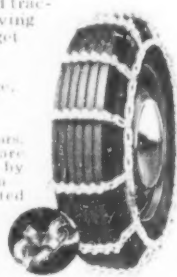


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large blowup of Fabiola's face above the marquee. On another day a popping explosion and a tinkle of glass sent café patrons running to see what had happened. Roars of sympathetic laughter followed when it was realized that one of the battalion of press photographers had dropped the expensive contents of his camera bag while climbing a light pole. On the Boulevard Anspach I walked to the rear of a march just in time to hear a loud metallic rattle that sounded too much like the clatter of the 1914-18 Lewis gun. It was, however, only the shutters flying up from a big bookstore. Some of the crowd following the march turned happily in to browse.

The most curious phase of all, and perhaps the most significant, was the three-day truce for the New Year holiday. National emergency or no national emergency, the Belgians were not going to miss their New Year fun — nor strikers, it seemed, their statutory holidays. Although sixty percent of all workers earn only thirty dollars a week, there was no apparent shortage of money in the capital. The big hotels featured New Year's dinners and dancing all night at an average of about twenty dollars a head. True, their crowds were definitely thinner than on other New Year's Eves. Many of the well-to-do preferred this year to keep out of sight, either at home or in their clubs; many went to Paris, others to Amsterdam. But at 3.30 on New Year's morning the lobby and ballroom of my hotel, littered with streamers, pulsing with jazz, brightened by pretty women in low-cut gowns and men in evening clothes, reminded me strongly of the Royal York or the Queen Elizabeth on other New Year's Eves.

I had spent most of the night, though, at a working-class café-bar called the Fkls St. Pierre, chosen at random in the tough Rue Haute district. The beer was twelve cents a glass, the *vin rouge* flowed freely, the tightly packed crowd of local couples in paper hats danced to a jukebox and sang their heads off. Some said they were striking, some said they weren't — who cared? It was difficult to sustain the view that the strike riots were purely an economic protest.

Nearer the core of this argument is the simple fact that the Belgians have been having a high old time since the war, and sooner or later they've got to pay the piper. After King Leopold's surrender to the Germans in 1940 the country's industry survived intact, giving the Belgians a mile start on virtually all other Europeans in 1945. The currency was hard, the food soft, the nylons sheer, while Britain for instance was grinding through an austerity horrible to recall. With easy money rolling in, Belgium neglected to keep its industrial and scientific research probing ahead. Its huge heavy industries in the south became antiquated, its people comfortable on salaries and social benefits that a nation of only nine million could afford only in boom times. Its great and rich African colony was slipping out of its grasp during those 15 years. The Socialists — the general body of the recent demonstrators — were twice in power under Achille van Acker. Clear warnings of trouble ahead were not lacking. They included the 1958 march on Brussels by unemployed miners from Le Borinage, and the demonstrations last summer by displaced persons from the lost Congo who hadn't received promised assistance grants. Appeasement policies allowed Eyskens' Catholic government to weather both those storms. This time, however, he felt he must finally make a stand and tighten the Belgian belt, no matter how much it squeezed the Belgian paunch — and surely these

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THOMAS USK

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Where does the Congo tragedy fit into the jigsaw, or does it fit in at all? Contrary to general belief outside Belgium, the loss of the colony is playing only a minor part in the country's economic problems. Congo wealth is impressive but generally overestimated. In the full trading year of 1959, for instance, the favorable balance of trade — exports over imports — was only five and a half million dollars. Profits from the Congo mines and crops never did amount to more than four percent of Belgium's national income, and these earnings are not necessarily lost forever. Until a stable government emerges in the African territory that Leopold II practically forced on his subjects, it's impossible to predict the details of its eventual business and financial structure. On the face of it now the major western powers (either individually, or through the United Nations or World Bank) seem likely to be playing the role of guarantors. They would insist on orthodoxy, at least in sufficient measure to ensure compensation to Belgian investors if expropriation occurred. Belgian assets there are esti-



How Lulu Island got its name

A Fraser River island that is now a populous suburb of Vancouver and New Westminster was named by a British colonel for an actress who never laid eyes on the island. Lulu Sweet, star of a British troupe that visited New Westminster in 1862, wrote in her diary that the town was "a dreary collection of dank huts." But Col. R. C. Moody of the Royal Engineers, who was mapping the region, was so enraptured by her "good manners and graceful bearing" that he named the island Lulu.

mated at one and a half billion dollars.

Though some old hatreds might smolder, Belgium is the only country that can offer the future state of the Congo enough skilled, sophisticated help, qualified in language, in local knowledge and even by birthright. Many Belgian white-collar workers repatriated from the Congo are said to expect to return to their Congo homes eventually, not as rulers, of course, but as people who want to enjoy a higher standard of living than they can now find in their troubled European homeland.

Above all this, however, the visitor senses that the Congo is definitely playing an offstage part in the angers, divisions and outbreaks. The out-of-office Socialists sternly accused the government of everything vile in l'Affaire Congo, hoping the electorate would forget that it was under Socialist auspices in 1955 that the self-government bill was set rolling prematurely by no one less than King Baudouin himself. But everybody — Tory, Socialist, perhaps even the handful of Communists — feels that sturdy and righteous Belgium has lost stature in the world and this is adding a big pinch of pepper to the political bouillabaisse. There is one further and final factor, still so shadowy that it's next to impossible to assess — a factor that would though cut through all the points made here and include some part of each. Is Belgium headed in the long run toward republicanism?

With young Baudouin so recently and romantically wed, comment on this subject isn't easy to find here. But a union official from Charleroi (in the Walloon south) and a schoolteacher from Ghent (in the Flemish north) agreed that the idea was alive and that it might solve many problems. For instance, the Flemings and Walloons might be more willing to bury the hatchet after a hundred and thirty years of festive union if two virtually autonomous states were created. These could be federated under a figurehead president, an eminent Belgian acceptable to both sides. The determined efforts made by the thirty-year-old Baudouin to play peacemaker in this year's national emergency won him widespread admiration, especially after Prime Minister Eyskens made it chillingly obvious at a press conference that he was not encouraging his King to try this — and in this country the King does not take political decisions. Yet in the event of a major reorganization of the country there would be no chance of Baudouin's ruling, simply because his Catholicism would be unacceptable to the anti-clerical labor leaders of the Socialist south.

Among those labor leaders there is a single man with dreams of power, if not of glory. His name is André Renard. At forty-nine he is deputy secretary of the General Federation of Labor and editor of the Liège newspaper *La Wallonie*. He has never held political office, and usually shuns publicity, yet behind the scenes he wields more power on the left than does say Leo Collard, the amiable president of the Belgian Socialist party and leader of the parliamentary opposition. Collard and the party can never be certain in which direction Renard will point the bludgeon of his disciplined iron and steel workers and other allied unionists.

Ten years ago Renard was considered the man most responsible for forcing the abdication of Leopold III. In a rare interview recently he admitted he was aiming at "the fundamental modification of our political institutions and economic structure." If he did indeed oust the royal father, will he now succeed with the son? ★

Who should shut up: sportscasters or Trent Frayne?

The joys of (1) dental surgery (2) winter camping

Trent Frayne (TV sportscasters: they never shut up, Entertainment, Jan. 7) has my deepest sympathy. Here, we suffer twice. If you think Bill Hewitt and Co. and or Danny Gallivan and Junior Selke are voluble, you should tune in on our (CBC) French network. Three commentators (count them), R. Lecavallier, J. M. Bailly and a "soprano" sports-writer, jam the air throughout, between and after periods. Those three magpies interfere so much with one another that they don't even know the score of the hockey game in progress sometimes.

The football announcers are even worse. Michel Normandin (Montreal's wrestling Pagliacci) and Yves Letourneau (CBC actor) cannot even differentiate between the offensive and defensive teams. With Etcheverry and Patterson at Hamilton, the next football season promises to be rather interesting on French TV when the Tiger-Cats meet the Alouettes.—BERNARD GROBLAU, QUEBEC CITY.

✓ Frayne's criticism of Bill and Foster Hewitt is not valid. His inference that their style detracts from the game is readily contradicted by the great popularity of their broadcasts. The voices of these gentlemen add excitement to every game.—J. L. GRAHAM, TORONTO.

✓ One has to turn off the sound from a hockey telecast to realize how dead the game is. It's the sound and the picture together which bring the game alive.—SAUL BURAH, MONTREAL.

✓ Maybe Doug Maxwell should interview Frayne; if that would make him happy, let's try it. Perhaps his next article would be entitled "Sport Writers: they never dry up." Pity.—R. HUTTON, OTTAWA.

Unfair to organized skiers

The Rossland-Trail Olympic Committee has read with interest the article, Skier's Dream (Jan. 7). We would like to point out that while Garibaldi may be a "Skier's Dream," the Rossland-Trail area is already a "Skier's Reality." For many years Red Mountain, just a few miles from Rossland, has been the most popular skiing area in British Columbia. The site we proposed for the Olympics is actually Granite Mountain, about two miles from Red Mountain. It can be developed to Olympic standards for less money than any other area in British Columbia. Our committee does not intend to win recognition for our area by discrediting other proposed sites. We feel, though, that unfair recognition has been given to Whistler Mountain.—DR. L. H. NIXON, CHAIRMAN, ROSSLAND-TRAIL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE, ROSSLAND, B.C.

✓ I am historian of the ski club in Halifax which was founded in 1924. In the fall of 1959 I brought certain information to your attention concerning development of the Wentworth Valley. For history here's the record: We had the largest ski factory in the British Empire, 1932, at Annapolis Royal. We had the world's largest skate factory, Starr Co. of Dartmouth. The first (woman) Olympic ski star from Canada was from Chester, N.S.—DOUGLAS H. MAHON, HALIFAX.

A Swiss movie

In Clyde Gilmour's movie guide (Dec. 17) he described the film It Happened in Broad Daylight as coming from Sweden. This movie is one of the very few Switzerland has produced. Most of the actors are Swiss and the film was made entirely in Switzerland.—B. A. BISHOP, MONTREAL.

Mr. Bishop is correct. Gilmour explains that his typewriter, after years of tapping out movie reviews, now completes the word Sweden every time the SW keys are hit.

A dentist objects

The following sentence appeared in your Editorial, (Jan. 7): "For them, going to school must have been one of those things you have to do, like opening your mouth so the dentist can hurt you." This type of statement may help you make a point in your editorial but it certainly deters the



effort made by many to educate the public to the modern-day dental approach, not to say that the inference is quite untrue.—DR. R. O. CROLL, KAMLOOPS, B.C.

Curling: new cure for insomnia?

The knockout game in curling now largely adopted by many western Canadian rinks in national and international curling finals (Canada's world champions of curling, Jan. 7), is the world's dullest spectator entertainment. The formula seems to be "you put 'em in; I knock 'em out." The delightful jargon that went with the highly skilled draw game is also on the way out, in western Canada at least. To bring the game back to some form of spectator and player interest the Scottish curling association might consider the creation of an outer neutral circle within which all knockout shots would be contained. This would effectively abolish the "express train" knockout shot and restore the game to its original standing. I dread to think of the Americans taking up curling. They would have more gadgets and fancy plays and new rules and winning shortcuts than any western Canadian rink could think up in a lifetime of play.—R. M. ROBERTSON, SORRENTO, B.C.

Self-reliance in a snowdrift

Re The simple joys of camping in a snowdrift (Jan. 7): In this day of apparently diminishing self-reliance, it is a real treat to hear of someone who is helping to show that true security lies in the development of a force within oneself—not in a thing that is just handed to one, or picked like an apple from the tree.—ALINE DIBBON, OSHAWA, ONT. ★

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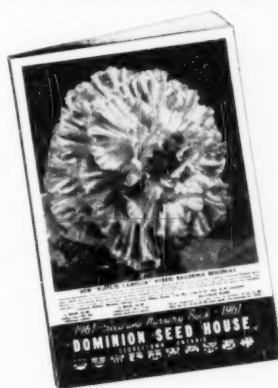
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BACKGROUND

An ex-schoolteacher's bold adventures in television

Although it's six years since the CBC began telecasts for classrooms across Canada, teaching-by-TV is still sampled gingerly—or shunned completely—in most provinces. One province where it isn't shunned is Manitoba, and the reason it isn't is almost solely a tiny, energetic ex-schoolteacher named Gertrude McCance. Since 1958 Miss McCance has entranced students all over Manitoba with telecasts that have caught international attention.

As director of the provincial education department's School Broadcast Branch, she runs an audio-visual operation (including extensive radio programming) with a staff of just herself and three others, and spends less than a tenth of her funds on TV production. (This year's total budget is \$51,500.) But they look like anything but shoe-string productions.

One of her earliest, a 30-minute study of Elizabethan theatre, won a first award from Ohio State University, custodian of the Oscars of educational broadcasting.

Five thousand pupils in 82 schools in Manitoba saw it, and teachers and pupils liked it. One teacher said a boy who had balked at Shakespeare all term was ready to start a fan club for the Bard. "Bottom (in a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) was so funny our whole class was rolling in the aisle."

Since then, Miss McCance's branch has produced programs on history, geography and economic growth, and a separate series on social studies. Now she's preparing new programs for this spring on other aspects of the same subjects, and all western Canada will have a chance to see repeats of several of the earlier shows this term or next. Like past programs, her new ones will be much more than just a teacher on a screen. A history program, for instance, may include a filmed interview, a scene played by professional actors, a documentary movie, graphic illustrations, recordings and maps—plus a narration by a teacher experienced in TV.

Probably her most noteworthy production yet will also be seen this spring: three 30-minute installments of the Sean O'Casey play, *Juno and the Paycock*. As far as she knows, it has never been televised. She picked the title out of Manitoba's grade 12 curriculum, got director John Hirsch enthusiastic about having his Manitoba Theatre Centre perform it, then wrote to O'Casey for permission to adapt the play for TV. As soon as O'Casey sent his blessing, she began badgering him to record an introduction, which (if he obliges) will become part of the first installment, on April 17.

Typically, her branch will pay only the scriptwriter's and actors' fees.

"She bamboozles people into working with her and picks their brains," Hirsch explains admiringly. The CBC Winnipeg station, CBWT, and two private stations, CKX-TV, Brandon, and CKOS-TV, Yorkton, are donating air time for the O'Casey play, as they have for other school programs.

If the O'Casey play is as successful as Shakespeare was, Hirsch is sure Gertrude McCance will urge the Theatre Centre to do other plays from the curriculum. But even if *Paycock* doesn't pay off, other provinces are sure to turn to Manitoba for practical advice this May, when 100 leading educators from across Canada meet to discuss classroom TV.

Miss McCance points out that teach-

ing-by-TV has limitations, and radio is better for some subjects.

"One of our biggest jobs," she says, "is to find those areas where each medium is better than the other." So far, it's been a fruitful search.—RAY TULLOCH

Some notes on a new formula for converting the Jews

Circular letters rarely rouse us into action, but we perked up when one from an organization called The Scripture Foundation, Inc., recently urged us to make "a generous contribution to develop and produce Formula 57, an Anti-Skid Powder for Motorists on the Highway and for Pedestrians on streets."

The idea of any religious organization taking such practical action against backsliding seemed too unusual to ignore. So we had a chat with the author of the letter, Margaret Scripture, in Montreal. We found her sharing an office (and medical duties) with a chiropractor, J. J. Healy. Between patients, we learned that she is actually Mrs. Margaret Scripture Goldstein, and that it was her maiden name, rather than Holy Writ, that provided the name for the foundation.

"Having a name like that makes it so much easier when you telephone people," Mrs. Goldstein said candidly. She is one of the foundation's three directors. The other two are her husband, Louis Goldstein, a former garment worker, and her sister, Mrs. Mildred Scripture Shannon, a widow.

Mrs. Goldstein listed some of the foundation's projects, which sounded to us to be only slightly less ambitious than those of the Ford Foundation. Besides giving free concerts to hospital patients, trying to get a housing project going for old people in Brighton, Michigan, where Mrs. Shannon lives, and helping send evangelists to Europe, the foundation has been busy urging rabbis to preach Christianity and trying to convert other Jews.

Formula 57, Mrs. Goldstein hopes, will provide the money for such works, when the foundation gets the donations it needs to promote the formula.

How much money will the promotion need? "I'm not sure. Maybe fifty thousand. We'll just have to wait and see how much comes in."

How much has come in so far? "Not a cent. We sent out fifty letters, mostly to companies. We sent one to Cyrus Eaton, but he never answered it. The only reply we got was from Morgan's store, and they said they were sorry they didn't have any money set aside for things like this."

Is Formula 57 patented? "No. I was all over Ottawa, seeing everyone I could who might help us, but we can't get a patent."

Who was responsible for the "quality testing" mentioned in her letter? "Dr. Healy and I both use it all the time. I put it on my tires for a trip out of town yesterday. It works wonderfully. It's no good on snow, but it works fine on ice. We get ours from a supply Dr. Healy has in his basement. He mixed up three hundred pounds of it."

What is the basis for the letter's statement that "one quarter of winter accidents will be avoided by Formula 57

Anti-Skid Powder users"? "I guess that's just an average." An average of what? "I don't know. That must be something Dr. Healy thought up."

Has the foundation had any success in converting Jews to Christianity? "We don't like to put it into words like that. It would be better if you said we were promoting harmony between Christian and Jew. But, yes, we've converted quite a few rabbis and others."

We asked if she could name any rabbis or others the foundation had converted. "That's just it. Most of them haven't admitted it yet. They tell us they're converted, but they won't tell their families or their friends. They're afraid of being thrown out of their own churches."

But wouldn't they want to leave the synagogue anyway, if they were converts? "No. That's the surprising thing. They don't."

Could she name just one who has renounced Judaism and become a Christian? "There are quite a few of them in New York."

Does her foundation operate in New York? "No, just here and in Miami, where my husband is now, and in Brighton."

Could she name just one person associated with the foundation who is a Christianized Jew? "My husband is." When was he converted? "Quite a few years ago. Before the foundation got started."

Then the foundation really hadn't had much success in converting Jews to Christianity? "That's what I'm beginning to think myself. But it's a long-term project."

We gathered the same might be said of Formula 57.

How Verdun's Moms rewrite the hockey rulebook

When a player in the St. Willibrod's Mosquito League rips a seam in his hockey pants, he doesn't go to his mother for a repair job. He gets help from his coach, since she can sew just as well.

In this little league in the Montreal suburb of Verdun, all the coaches are women. It may be the only hockey league anywhere where a coach's standard equipment—besides a needle and thread—includes extra mittens, a flask



of hot chocolate, and a box of Kleenex for nose-wiping. ("What man," asks one coach truculently, "would think of that?")

Until last year, Verdun boys from six to ten had no organized teams. So their mothers formed a league. Today, six mothers coach twelve-member teams

through a two-month schedule that ends with an awards party late in February.

No player is allowed to play for his own mother because "it might lead to teasing." The coaches regularly inspect report cards and bench any players whose marks are starting to slip. Once



a whole team, the Shamrocks, had to default a game because they had neglected to show their report cards to their coach, Esther Neil. "The next game," Mrs. Neil says, "the team was present, report cards and all."

The women seldom take to the ice themselves but they do try to teach their players something about playing the game. "We give them odd bits of strategy," Mrs. Neil explains, "like placing themselves in front of the net and such things. If a defenseman can't stop the puck, he falls on it. We don't read the books. We make it up as we go along."

The boys' fathers don't always approve of such unorthodox methods, but the women could hardly care less. "At no time," warned a league letter to fathers, "will [we] tolerate anyone insulting these devoted coaches." The men are permitted to lace skates in the dressing room but are forbidden to enter the players' box. One father who tried teaching his son to be rough didn't get far, Mrs. Neil says. "We told him to stop it, or he wouldn't be allowed to watch his son play."—CLAYTON SINCLAIR

FOOTNOTES

About mothers' heartbeats: For years mothers have used ticking clocks to comfort their babies with simulated heartbeats. Now a U.S. manufacturer has come up with a machine he claims can do a better job—if you're willing to pay the \$45 it will probably cost in Canada.

About drugstores: In Indiana, their licenses are suspended if they don't use at least 10% of their space for selling drugs.

About some old remedies: Two countries have discovered some new uses for them. In Britain, a doctor broke up a blood clot with an injection of Epsom salts. In Israel, researchers claim daily doses of aspirin have cut down cholesterol in the blood.

About those sonar machines: The ultrasonic devices that some doctors think will replace X-ray cameras are helping U.S. cattlemen find out how much of a steer is steak. They bounce sound waves through a live steer's outer fat and the machine tells them how thick it is.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

Will a drastic new National Policy help the jobless?

Gradually, and still below the level of public attention, the Diefenbaker administration is finally making ready for a spectacular attack on the agonies of unemployment that have cursed its reign.

The legislative proposals now being considered by the cabinet—when they're implemented in the end-of-March budget—will place the John Diefenbaker of 1961 somewhere between the Sir John A. Macdonald of 1878 and the Franklin Roosevelt of 1933. The Tories in Ottawa are brewing up a potent combination of measures reminiscent of the New Deal's social reforms, but also of the economic nationalism of the grand old National Policy. Out of this mixture will come a new Diefenbaker version of the National Policy.

What the Conservatives are attempting to do is export at least part of our unemployment, by passing measures that will help to replace, as much as possible, the flow of imported manufactured goods into Canada with domestically made items, thus bolstering employment in our secondary industries. This will be done through a selective revision of our tariff structure, plus tax measures that will foster manufacturing production, both for the home market and sales abroad.

The prime minister has plenty of historical precedent for this. As a prairie radical he instinctively distrusts tariff hikes, but he pictures himself as the 20th-century embodiment of Sir John A. Macdonald's sober virtues and, like Macdonald, he is now approaching tariffs as instruments of industrial development and national cohesiveness.

The change in the definition of "a class or kind made in Canada," contained in Donald Fleming's pre-Christmas baby budget, was the first major step in this program. It will bring greatly increased protection for the machinery industry. From now on, higher tariffs will be slapped not only on machinery of exactly the same kind as is already made in Canada, but the higher levies will also apply to products of approximately the same kind and, in some cases, even if merely the facilities for making them exist in Canada.

Canada's main economic weakness is that, since 1945, our economic development has been based largely on supplying raw materials to other nations. That did bring us a living standard second only to that of the United States. It has also brought us the highest unemployment rate of any industrialized nation in the western world.

The resource boom of the '50s, many economists believe, has not provided much of a base for expanding the country's employment opportunities. Despite the billions of dollars poured into the exploitation of our hinterland since the war: all of the mining, forestry, quarrying, fishing, pulpmaking, sawmilling, and non-ferrous-metal smelting being carried on in Canada now employs less than four percent of our work force.

Because of the high birthrate of the immediate postwar years, young Canadians will be joining the labor force at an average rate of 3,500 members a week for the next 10 years. That's almost twice the average rate of the '50s. To provide job opportunities on such a scale will require turning Canada into something of a manufacturing state.

The cabinet minister mainly charged with the transformation of Canada's economy is George Hees, who moved into Trade and Commerce from Transport last fall. The suave figure of Hees will be built up to symbolize the super-salesmanship required to place more of the angular silhouettes of factories into our city skylines, just as during the '50s the notched profile of the late C. D. Howe became the symbol of the rugged individualism needed to plant the hump of mine headframes against the wide horizon of the Canadian North.

Hees' assignment is significantly to boost a sector of the Canadian economy that has enjoyed only two brief peacetime periods of prosperity. Manufacturing in Canada grew quickly during the 1900-1910 opening up of the western wheat economy when the rapid expansion of the railways gave impetus to capital-goods investment, and experienced a short, sharp boom during the late 1920s. Both as a producer of goods and a provider of jobs, Canadian manufacturing has in recent years been declining in importance. Secondary industries have increased their work force by only 12% since 1949, while total Canadian employment has gone up 20%. Manufacturing production in the same period has grown by 47%, while the over-all gain in Canada's industrial output has been 64%. Any renaissance of Canadian manufactured exports is seriously hampered by our high cost structure.

Professor William C. Hood, a University of Toronto economist, recently testified before the Senate Manpower Committee that the resource-oriented boom of the '50s spread the pattern of high wages into Canadian secondary industries to such an extent that labor costs per unit of manufactured goods shot up 22% in Canada between 1949 and 1958, compared with an increase of only 7% in the U.S. The impact of automation has, of course, taken its toll of manufacturing employment. The output of Canadian secondary industry in the first six months of 1960 was 20% higher than in 1955, but in that time industrial employment has edged up only 1%.

Hees' job to multiply as rapidly as possible the employment opportunities in Canadian factories is grievously complicated by the fact that all but a small part of our industrial capacity is controlled outside the country. Although most people are under the impression that American investment in Canada has been occupied mainly in obtaining ownership over our natural resources, the fact is that about half the Ameri-



Canadian factories will be counting heavily on George Hees' supersalesmanship.

can funds invested here are in manufacturing. The Americans now own nearly 60% of our factories, and control more than 90% of some of our most important industries. These subsidiaries employ one out of ten Canadians and pay taxes amounting to 16% of Ottawa's total revenues.

Diefenbaker and the radical element in his cabinet regard the preponderance of American investment in Canada much the way westerners did the intrusion of eastern industries into the prairies a generation ago, when Ontario businessmen opened branches, managed by easterners, and took the profits back to Ontario. Eight of the twelve tax changes in the pre-Christmas baby budget were designed to help Hees and Fleming stimulate Canadian manufacturing investment, and reduce our dependence on U.S. funds. If these measures don't work, Diefenbaker won't hesitate to slap on even sharper taxation incentives to encourage Canadians to buy up American-owned investments in Canada. The cabinet is also thinking seriously of establishing a National Development Corporation with a kitty of up to a billion dollars. It would step in

and buy up the controlling interest of essential industries in danger of being absorbed by Americans. The stock would then either be sold back to the Canadian public, or Canadian investors could buy shares directly in the development corporation.

Hees is aware that desperate measures will be required to industrialize this country, and at the same time to rescue the economy from the increasingly dangerous balance-of-payments deficit. Among the more drastic attacks on these problems up for cabinet consideration have been the establishment of a foreign exchange control board to help make tariffs more effective; the introduction of a compulsory savings system (disguised as contributory social security), and withdrawal from the International Monetary Fund, with the dollar pegged at a fixed rate.

"None of these steps will necessarily be taken, but the fact they're being discussed indicates the cabinet's concern," says a man close to the prime minister. "People still underestimate the spirit of the river gambler in Diefenbaker. He'll stop at nothing, if there's some way to lick this thing." ★

OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon

German conquest in Ireland: a Riviera of their own

DUBLIN—This spring the first luxury chalets of a modern holiday resort will be built on a peninsula jutting into beautiful Clew Bay on the western coast of the Irish Republic. They'll be in strange contrast to the primitive stone cottages of the County Mayo natives.

Stranger still, no Irishman, however wealthy, will be luxuriating in the hot-and-cold air-conditioning or enjoying the view over the island-studded bay. For this resort is for Germans only.

Developed by a syndicate of four Hamburg businessmen, the Clew Bay hideaway is only one of several tracts of spectacular Irish coastline bought up quietly since the war for the exclusive use of well-heeled West German executives and their families. Two thousand choice acres have been acquired in West Cork in mixed lots for resorts or individual luxury summer homes. Agents for German buyers are bidding for thousands of other acres.

With Germany's national income up a roaring 11% in 1960 and with building labor abundantly available at \$25 a week in Ireland's depressed west, the takeover isn't likely to ease up. The Irish are in a cleft stick. They're furious about this display of German arrogance and hate to find themselves shut out from some of the most scenic spots of their own country, but they need the money. The Clew Bay development alone will bring in over \$250,000 in its first year. The temptation is too strong, especially since Premier Sean Lemass is leading a drive to lift the republic out of chronic depression.

But the Germans are still getting some argument. The West Cork Development Board realizes that the natural beauty of the coastline is one of the area's greatest assets and doesn't want to have other overseas visitors shut out of it. "We have a lot of coast, but the Germans want to pick the best of it," a member complained.

This German love affair with Ireland grew from Irish neutrality in the last war, which gave the Nazis a dress-circle seat in Dublin from which to keep tabs on Britain. Today, apart from the exclusive holiday havens, German money is heavily invested in Irish textiles, heavy machinery, steel rolling mills and ball-point pens. This kind of intrusion the Irish welcome with open arms. But not all foreign influences are so attractive. While I was here, an eight-foot swastika was daubed on a synagogue, and whips and vicious phrases in German were painted on the main doors.

If Paris police can help us, why not themselves?

PARIS—"If Inspector Gaubiac has any luck cleaning up the crime wave in Montreal," a friend said to me recently, "send him back here to have another try in Paris."

André Gaubiac, former head of the Sûreté, and Commander Andrew Way of Scotland Yard had just accepted Mayor Jean Drapeau's invitation to advise on Montreal police reform. In Canada, Gaubiac was suitably greeted with a \$20,000 robbery. Had he stayed home,



though, he would have begun his year in the midst of bigger stuff. One gang walked into a family-allowance office and walked out again with francs worth \$325,000. A smash-and-grab epidemic cleaned out jewelers' windows in several Paris suburbs, and safecrackers were busy all over the country.

With the Algerian terrorists apparently observing a truce in their bombings and assassinations in the capital while General de Gaulle's referendum ran its course, the policemen looked forward to a respite. But instead, the braying of the tiny piebald Paris patrol cars seldom seemed to cease echoing.

Instead of advising others, why can't the French police get their own house in order? According to Maurice Papon, Gaubiac's successor, there are three main reasons. First, a shortage of staff and a shortage of money, he told reporters. He can allot only 15 cars to his Paris flying squad. Second, too many riots and political demonstrations. The maintenance of public order has top priority. Third, the young police officers of the '60s don't know a crook from a cabbage. They are ashamed or embarrassed to go into the gutter dives where the oldtime cops used to fish for information. Diplomatically and sensibly, Papon didn't complain about the drain on his manpower in enforcing the flood of decrees by which the ascetic de Gaulle is trying to clean up France. On top of the Algerian problem, the general is also tackling homosexuality, prostitution and alcoholism. When the government withdrew the special fiche for reg-

istered prostitutes, 80 of them demonstrated outside the Palais Bourbon, and Papon's men had to carry them off screaming. They also carried off some perfectly respectable ladies who just happened to be passing. Without even a decent warning, the police are now raiding Paris' innumerable small hotels at all hours.

And de Gaulle isn't fooling. The top fine for living on immoral earnings in the new France is 250,000 new francs. That's over \$50,000. Also, they take away your driving license.

Put a big price on anything—Britons will buy it

LONDON—Speaking at the Dorchester Hotel recently, George Hees, Canada's minister of Trade and Commerce, seemed to find a crumb of comfort in referring to a hesitancy in the British economy.

Layoffs and short time in the car industry here were probably in his mind, but after six months' residence in England I still can't help being astonished at the obvious and continuing high level of prosperity. Money is being spent here in chunks that bring to mind the tycoons of the late 19th century.

There was no hesitancy, for instance, in the sale of an almost unknown and unsigned Frans Hals portrait at Sotheby's for over half a million dollars. It was bought by A. E. Allnatt, an equally

unknown building contractor from Willesden, a London suburb. Allnatt, it turned out, was also the anonymous purchaser, a year earlier, of an Adoration of the Magi by Rubens, for which he paid \$800,000—a world record for a single picture.

Allnatt, who buys pictures because he is very fond of them, has laid out nearly \$1½ million for pictures in 18 months. When he wants a picture his agent simply bids until he gets it. The Frans Hals brought more than three times the amount of the most optimistic prediction. The sums paid that same day startled even Sotheby's blasé staff. The day's total was well over a million dollars.

That was a rare day. Even at the 10% commission that is standard in London (as against the 20% charged in American salesrooms) Sotheby's picked up \$100,000. But only a week or two earlier they sold a stack of impressionists and moderns for a total of roughly \$1½ million.

What else will Britain's big spenders buy? Well, a commode by an unknown maker but with the magic tag Louis Quinze was borne home by somebody for \$50,000. At a book sale someone coughed up \$2,200 for a routine book on George Bernard Shaw that Sir Max Beerbohm had improved or ruined (depending on your tastes) by adding insulting comments in the margins. A one-day furniture sale at Christie's totaled \$300,000.

There's no sign of hesitancy, either, in Britain's house-and-land boom. The steady population increase and the zoom in standards of living over the last five years keep a steady pressure on every acre of land and every habitable room. Prices for average family houses last year were 10% above 1959 figures, according to London real-estate men.

The story of one semi detached, three-bedroom house in Hendon illustrates the home buyer's plight here. The house was built in 1937 and couldn't be sold for \$2,500. Ten years later, as the post-war rush picked up, it sold at \$7,500; in 1951, at \$9,500. Late last year it changed hands again—at nearly \$12,000.

Another house, in the green belt at Esher—a detached house with a small garden—was offered in 1937 at \$8,000. Last year it was resold at well over \$30,000.

Luxury flats in London are bringing prices that would make Park Avenue shudder. A four-bedroom flat that once belonged to actor-dancer Jack Buchanan and looks into Grosvenor Square is currently available for \$125,000 on a 99-year lease. A niece of Lady Astor's confidently put her Mayfair house on the rental market the other day at \$1,700 a month. Of course it has an American kitchen.

Building land in tightly zoned southern England has skyrocketed even higher and faster. Speculators have picked up profits of 200% and 300%, sometimes within a few weeks. Over \$40,000 an acre was paid recently for industrial land, and \$20,000 is common.

In this fiercely taxed country, where the average wage is forty dollars a week, where does the big money come from? Capital gains. ★

ENTERTAINMENT

The growing craze for guitars: a legacy from Elvis?

Even folk-singing
Reds get some of the
credit (or blame)

Banjo sales in one Winnipeg music store increased by 50% last year. In Toronto and Vancouver there are growing societies devoted to listening to recitals of classical guitar music, and in the Maritimes, where western hillbilly music is big, there is a serious shortage of guitar teachers. A large national wholesaler says that "whenever Elvis Presley makes a new record, I run out of guitars."

Presley is only one of several reasons for a boom in guitars, banjos and ukuleles that has delighted—though slightly puzzled—music stores and music teachers for the past year. They also credit the increased popularity of Hawaiian music when Hawaii became a state, the lonesome cowboys on television, LP records of Andrés Segovia of Spain playing Bach on the classical guitar, and—of all people—the Communists. Communists, being interested in the folk, sponsor several concerts a year by guitar-playing folk singers.

The classical guitar has gut or nylon strings that are plucked by the fingers, and its music is written in single notes, like a vocal score. Most of the other instruments use a musical score of chord patterns and are strummed, or plucked with picks. Novices are finding they can pay as little as \$20 for a western guitar (shaped like the classic model but with metal strings and, sometimes a cowboy painted on the resonance box), or as much as \$710 for a gold-plated Vega Vox banjo with mother-of-pearl pegs for tuning the strings. A surprising big seller, at \$125 and up, is the electric guitar, often just an ordinary guitar fitted with an amplifier.

While beginners go for gadgets that help them change keys and arrange finger positions, serious students are taking up the classic guitar with the intensity of concert artists. Last year the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto hired Vienna-born Eli Kassner to be its first full-time instructor in the classical guitar. Now he has 70 pupils.

Kassner thinks rock-'n'-roll guitar is fading fast ("Presley doesn't play music. His guitar is just a prop.") but interest in the more difficult classical guitar will grow because "it is an enormously personal instrument—there are no picks, hammers or bows between the player and the music."

Recordings to teach bowling, piano, etiquette

Phonograph records may soon be teaching you almost anything you want to learn. Bowling champion Joe Wilman has an instruction album called *How to Bowl Your Best*. Pianist Irving Fields is bringing out a record teaching the rudiments of piano-playing. If it sells well, he'll record a series for other instruments. And the learn-at-home trend is also crowding the Mother Goose record market: Naine Lewis, in an album called *It's Nice to be Nice*, sings songs intended to teach youngsters proper manners in various situations.

Meanwhile, Columbia Record Club

members who thirst for travel more than for knowledge are signing up for a subscription service called *Panorama*. It's a package deal that includes records, travel slides and a projector. As the viewer screens the slides, a record describes the scenes. The slides will fit only the special projector that's offered "free" to those signing up for 12 programs—at \$4.98 apiece.

The TV hero: now he's three people

The hottest thing in private-eye TV shows these days is the multiple hero. Until this gimmick was invented, the trouble with heroes was that they appealed to only one type of woman. The middle-aged yearning for rugged sophistication might be on the same wavelength as Peter Gunn, while teenagers wailed, "but he's too old."

Now, something called *Checkmate* is dealing out the heroics three ways.

Checkmate, which appears on a U.S. network just in time to give us non-

clearly manufactured to fit the married woman's ideal of a strong, silent man. He isn't handsome, but he's a sort of Humphrey Bogart. In *Checkmate*, George is taped as the Smooth Operator—the man who punches somebody in the nose only when it's necessary. *Checkmate* isn't primarily a violent show, so he doesn't have to prove his manliness very often, but his potential strength lingers in the room like cigar smoke after a party. He does not laugh; he's the mature woman's dreamboat.

Sebastian Cabot, a gourd-shaped man whose speech is full of the orotundities of life, is a fascinating study by himself. *Checkmate*'s producers evidently felt that hero number three ought to provide a haven of intelligence for the yeasty muscle of heroes one and two. Cabot fills the bill exactly. He might be construed as a post-Sputnik nod to the intellectual. He carries a cane, wears a beard and is grossly overweight—he wears his stomach like an accessory. He does not get angry. He does not raise his voice. He does not run for streetcars. I am sure. He is, presumably, the thinking woman's dreamboat.

But he isn't really an intellectual at all. He is what, I presume, we are supposed to think an intellectual is.

Cabot's conversations have me reaching for the Tums, at moments like the one when a psychiatrist flares his nostrils and says in clipped tones: "Doctor, do you consider that the situation may be potentially explosive?" Since the schizophrenic in question had a personality split so neatly up the middle that the right side never knew what the left was doing, the only possible answer would be, "Yes." But Cabot merely replied in delicately modulated tones: "It is quite possible, doctor, under the circumstances."

If the future of the world lies in the hands of men who really talk like that, we'll all get blown through our respective roofs while two of them play "After you, Alphonse" with the alert button.

As a trendmaker, *Checkmate* should be interesting to watch. The day may be coming when a private-eye show lasts ninety minutes and has six heroes.

—THELMA DICKMAN

Can pollsters predict Broadway hits?

The legitimate theatre, which has until recently been able to sneer at television and other media for listening to survey results and catering only to mass tastes, is going in for a little survey-following of its own. The thin edge of the wedge slid in last season, when the Communications and Research Services of the Centre for Research of Peekskill, N.Y., did "audience tests" for an off-Broadway production of a Chekhov play. These tests are basically questionnaires, on which the audience rates such things as how each actor's part is "related to the play" on one of five levels ranging from "very effective" to "not effective." Some of the findings were used last season to change some passages of Chekhov's text. One of the play's co-producers has signed up the service for two productions of his own this season. How far can this thing go? We asked R. Jordan Dubin, a social psychologist with C. and

R. etc., if they could apply their service to, say, Hamlet. "We would view it all in terms of communications," he said, "and be able to do a systematic and scientific job of editing."

BERNIE (BOOM-BOOM) Geoffrion of the Montreal Canadiens, the NHL's leading point-scorer in mid-January, will cut his next record. Geoffrion has been an enthusiastic amateur singer for years, wiling away the Canadiens' traveling and hotel-room time with a lively repertoire of Canadian and popular songs. Now Columbia Records wants him to record a duet with another (until now) amateur singer, Montreal fashion model Elaine Bedard. The song, yet to be written, will be a sort of French-language version of Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better. If it succeeds, Columbia will produce an English version.

Clyde Gilmour reviews the movies

Exodus: It takes almost four hours (including intermission) to sit through Otto Preminger's multi-million-dollar colossus, based on the Leon Uris novel about the painful birth of the modern state of Israel. Most of the time seems well spent, although Dalton Trumbo's otherwise skilful screenplay includes too many garrulous slowdowns while the characters discuss their conflicting ideologies. To me, the big surprise among the acting performances is teen-idol Sal Mineo's solid portrayal of an emotionally unbalanced youth in the Jewish underground.

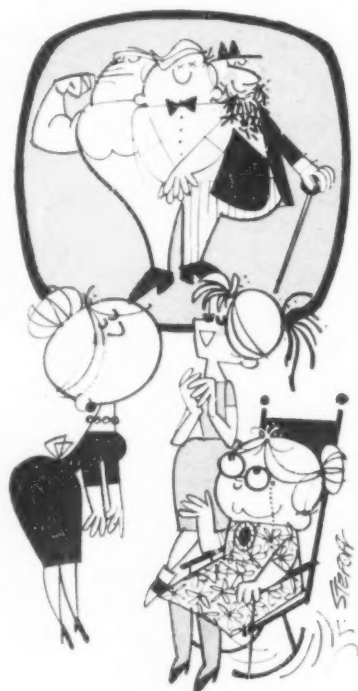
Gold of the Seven Saints: This widescreen western borrows slavishly from such superior forerunners as *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. In one respect at least, however, it differs refreshingly from formula: its strong, silent hero (Clint Walker) likes girls even better than he likes horses.

The Sins of Rachel Cade: The shapely and somewhat talented Angie Dickinson is cruelly wasted in this sluggish, pretentious melodrama about a missionary nurse in the Belgian Congo. A noble medical officer (Peter Finch) and a smiling rotter from Boston (Roger Moore) are the leading men in her life. **Tormented:** A good ghost story can still make a satisfying movie, but Hollywood seems to be losing the knack of blending fantasy and realism. In this half-hearted specimen an ambitious jazz pianist (Richard Carlson) is briskly haunted by his murdered mistress.

Tunes of Glory: Despite a wildly sentimental ending, there are some memorable moments in this British yarn about peacetime tensions in a Scottish regiment. Doing a complete switch on the rigid martinet who died on the River Kwai, Sir Alec Guinness depicts a roistering redhead, fond of wenching and elbow-bending; it's John Mills who "goes by the book" as the new colonel in command.

And these are worth seeing:

- ✓ **The Angry Silence**
- ✓ **The Entertainer**
- ✓ **The Facts of Life**
- ✓ **The Sundowners**
- ✓ **Sunrise at Campobello**
- ✓ **Swiss Family Robinson**
- ✓ **Village of the Damned**



hockey fans something to watch on Saturday, is about a firm (called *Checkmate*) dedicated to preventing crime. It has three heroes, partners in the firm. Each serves a particular role in the business and each appeals to a particular type of woman (and presumably man) viewer. It makes me feel like a judge at the Royal Winter Fair, having so much muscle paraded in front of me.

For the teenage girl in your family, Doug McClure will probably be the best thing that's happened since Tab Hunter. He's a blond lad with big shoulders and a grin as wholesome as hot apple pie. While the shoulders give the impression he can take care of himself, the smile indicates he's just looking around for the right girl to settle down with, and maybe your teenage daughter might be the one. He's dreamy.

Tony George, the second hero, is

Whisky history is made...

Seagram's New Brand Rated Best

In test after test after test
Canadians liked the taste of
Seagram's **FIVE STAR SPECIAL** best



Before introducing FIVE STAR SPECIAL, Canadians were asked to test* this new brand against the three most popular brands in its price class. These studies included more than a thousand rigidly supervised individual taste tests conducted under conditions where the identity of each whisky tasted was hidden. In all tests the same three leading brands competitive with FIVE STAR SPECIAL were used.

From East to West, the conclusion was the same; a significant majority preferred

FIVE STAR SPECIAL over the leading brands in its class. In all parts of the country, the predominant fact emerged that a large number of Canadians have been waiting for a more pleasant-tasting, smoother whisky like FIVE STAR SPECIAL.

In test after test after test, FIVE STAR SPECIAL proved to be the best-tasting, most satisfying whisky in its price field. Next time out, try Seagram's great new rye whisky with the Five Stars on the bottle. See if you don't agree with the verdict of thousands of other Cana-

dians—that here is a history-making whisky: a better-tasting genuinely fine whisky at a popular price.

FINER TASTE IS A SEAGRAM TRADITION



*Tested under the official supervision of a Leading Research Organisation.

Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola", both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd., the world's best-loved sparkling drink.



What a **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

...what a special zing...you get from Coke! Enjoy that dance-all-night zest with the cold crisp taste and lively lift of Coca-Cola!

Remember, Coke refreshes you best!



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